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LETTERS
TO AN ENGLISH LADY AMATEUR.

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LEARN with much pleasure, Madam, from your communications that the taste for Fine Art has very much extended in every circle of English society since my visit to England in the year 1835. You know what an admirer I am of the greatness of your country—that happy union of loyalty and true freedom in its constitution, the extraordinary development of human powers in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, inspires a sentiment of pride at one's fellowship with humanity. To all who are familiar with other epochs of the history of the human race, as, for instance, in ancient Greece and in mediæval Italy, the partiality of modern moral advancement is obviously striking in England, because there we see on the grandest scale the progress of our time. When in all exterior relations, interests purely material are exclusively considered, mental cultivation and the study of science prevail; and, on the other hand, as Fine Art, the province of the beautiful, retires in these times from the outer circumstance of life, there remains very little inward feeling for it. But since there exist in England the first conditions of the growth of the Art—free institutions and wealth, with the indisputable genius of the nation—by means of a general cultivation of Art, and by the utmost possible diffusion of perfect works, intellectual qualification may be most effectively promoted; and by such means that harmony may be attained which ever signalises the highest point of civilisation. With the lively interest you feel in works of Art, it may be perhaps more acceptable to you that I treat of the exalted mission of the Arts (among which I comprehend architecture), with respect to the culture of the human mind,—this matter which, in its manifold relations, has penetrated but too partially into general conviction. The end of Fine Art is a representation by means of a simply palpable medium, and according to principles of beauty and truth, of the life of nature with reference to its essential being; and here Art enjoys in its operation on the human mind two advantages denied to Science, and even to Poetry, which has language as a means of expression. In the first place, as in architecture, employing substantial material,—and in sculpture and in painting natural form,—it operates immediately upon the sense, with an effect incomparably more rapid, powerful, and impressive, than that of any other means of communication; and again, the spiritual signification of these natural forms is at once intelligible to every understanding, insomuch that it involves a universality altogether unattainable by any other means of communication. Thus the effect of literature is extremely limited, in consequence of the variety of languages; for instance, the treasures of the French and German schools are inaccessible to the majority of English people, because communica-

tion by language, even when that language is intelligible, supposes a preparatory education; and hence to the lowest strata of society such medium is a dead letter. The uneducated classes will not understand the works of Shakespeare, Milton, or Byron; but the truth and essential meaning of natural forms are not only as intelligible to the coalheaver as to the most carefully educated nobleman—but even in the wilds of Canada the profounder emotions of the soul would be excited by the "Ecce Homo" of Correggio in the National Gallery; and the joyous sensual abandon of the Bacchanals of Poussin would be acknowledged. The subject of the former picture is at once declared to all Christian nations of the earth; but that of the second is intelligible only to those who are acquainted with ancient mythology. In consequence of that power of effect, as also on account of the general perspicuity of the language of Art, it was employed by the Greeks and Romans as a chief means of educating the lowest classes of the people; and also, very early after the establishment of Christianity, learned divines have acknowledged the importance of Art as a means of instruction. This is particularly alluded to by St. Nilus, a pupil of St. Chrysostom, who, in 440, commanded "that the sanctuaries of churches should on every wall be decorated by an accomplished artist, with compositions of figures; in order that those who could not read might, by the contemplation of the pictures, be reminded of the Christian virtues of others who have served the true God in the right way, and that they should be excited to an estimation, of those great works through which they were enabled to exchange earth for heaven, for to them the invisible was more estimable than the visible." This passage was regarded throughout the middle ages as instructive to the professor of Art, and not only in reference to religion, but also extensively to State policy and to private life. Since the commencement of the sixteenth century, in consequence of the growth of the Art of Printing, instruction by that means has been carried to an extent unanticipated, and Fine Art has lost a great portion of its importance as a vehicle of instruction; but notwithstanding this, Art is yet capable of effecting great results, a fact which has been shown by a noble prince of our own time, Louis Philippe, in his judicious foundation of the Museum of Versailles. By means of the productions of Van der Meulen, Lebrun, David, Gros, Gerard, and above all, of Horace Vernet; and again, by the circulation throughout France of plates after the works of these celebrities, the great events of history are communicated to the French nation in a general form, and received with a vividness of impression which is beyond the power of an entire course of historical literature to produce. When I enjoyed the honour, three years ago, of accompanying this unfortunate prince through a portion of this magnificent monument, I could not repress a lively expression of my feeling at his having thus vindicated for Art in these times the position and consideration which were awarded to it in its most flourishing period. Something of this kind, although in a less extensive scale, will also, I observe, to my great satisfaction, be effected by the frescoes on the walls of the new Houses of Parliament, and what a resource does English history, mediæval as well as modern, offer for such a purpose!

By means of the Beautiful, another quality with which she endows her creations, Fine Art can operate as effectively and extensively in these days as in the times of Phidias and Raffaello. An intellectual feeling for the Beautiful is deeply seated in the human breast, and this in its most ordinary limit, according to the grounds above stated, cannot be gratified by any more pure, more noble, or more worthy means, than by Fine Art. Among nations with whom, and in times in which, this desire becomes a general and vivacious sentiment, as among the ancient Greeks, and the Italians and the Netherlanders of the middle ages, it does not rest until it is fully and entirely gratified. As nature adorns the most favoured regions of our earth with the greatest variety of plants, and gives life to the whole with a circle of animal existence, so has Art, through the quality of Beauty, glorified in those

memorable epochs the whole earthly being of these nations. Nowhere could the eye be turned without encountering, in its very diverse forms and relations, the genius of the Beautiful. That the distribution of Art-influence was general in ancient times, nothing proves more strikingly than the numerous productions which have been found in the small town of Pompeii. Here, not only in the principal houses, but even in the smallest, we discover an abundance of pure and charming compositions on the walls; indeed all domestic utensils—vases, tripods, candelabra, lamps, all bearing the impress of the Beautiful in form and ornamentation, declare an extraordinary activity of the human mind. In the middle ages, also, a like direction was taken, though not so extensively; and as the results of this, some of the rooms in the Hotel de Clugny in Paris, and the Kunstkammer in Berlin, are valuable examples. Associations founded upon Art exercise perhaps slowly, but surely and powerfully, an ennobling influence on human nature. And herein those epochs, whence we look down upon the mediæval period, possessed an element of moral formation for the lower degrees of society, which is almost entirely wanting in our own time. Indeed, the productions of a Phidias, of a Raffaello—works of art accessible to every one in so many public places—in temples, churches, halls, and council chambers, afford, even to the meanest individual, opportunity of immediate contact with spirits who enjoy the highest position in the range of human intellectuality; and thus they enable him, in one way at least, to appropriate to himself that degree of improvement which is attained to only by intimate intercourse with the various productions of the greatest minds, and by being perfectly imbued with their spirit. And here the German proverb—"Tell me with whom you associate and I will tell you who you are," is perfectly applicable. The higher classes of society, who, through education and means, command the enjoyment of the creations of the greatest poets and musicians, can more readily endure the want of the ennobling influence of Art. They can, at will, refresh the spirit with the verse of Homer, the purest source of poetry, or with Sophocles elevate it to the utmost exaltation of passion, or descend into the awful depths of Dante, or enter the marvellous world of the mysterious Shakespeare. They may indulge their impulse in the graceful and inexhaustible humour of Cervantes, or may seek to be penetrated by the fancy and profound thought of Götthe, not to speak of the world of enjoyment offered by such masters as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and innumerable other treasures in music and literature. These more fortunate classes do not represent to themselves the entire want on the part of others of any enjoyment which raises them beyond mere physical want, and gladdens the spirit as the immortal part of man. When in the years 1813 and 1814, as a Prussian volunteer I entered upon the campaign against France, frequent contact with the lower classes afforded me sufficient opportunity of observing the intellectual inanity with which they passed their leisure hours. A dull thoughtlessness, a languid conversation, or, at most, cards, were the resource of the men, and endless chattering, perhaps accompanied by coffee, distinguished the women. Whether the lower classes in England have more worthy means of entertainment I do not know. Your writers complain, as you know, that many national sports and festivals which were common in England are now no longer practised. Let it not be urged on this point that the people were happy in these amusements because they knew of no superior state; this may be also said of slaves, the most miserable of mortals. That these classes feel the want of something of a character more elevated, their numerous visits to the museums and theatres amply testify. And how often have I, in my office of director of a gallery, observed the just conception and real enjoyment of works of Art on the part of the lower grades of society—how eagerly have they listened to every word of explanation which I addressed to them, or to others, insomuch that I have often painfully felt my own insufficiency in some measure

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to gratify this thirst for moral advancement. And to what extent Fine Art is a form of instruction which addresses itself to them, is shown by the innumerable copper-plates and lithographs that we see in the dwellings of very poor people, these being for the most part of a kind to exert either a prejudicial influence or none at all. To every true philanthropist it must therefore be an important object to supply, by means of the distribution of good works of Art, a healthy supply for the gratification of this appetite; a purpose which could not be more successfully answered at any period than at present, in consequence of the number of available works. This might be effected in your country, where the feeling is so strong and general in favour of enterprises of public utility, by the association of a number of benevolent friends of Art and the people, who might employ a number of skilful artists to lithograph the famous Cartoons at Hampton Court, in order to render them accessible at a small price to the lower classes. In England the knowledge of Scripture is so widely disseminated, that these exalted and noble interpretations of Apostolical history would meet with an extraordinary reception. At the same time, the people would have a scale whereby to enable them to determine the truly great and beautiful, and to teach them to despise the base and ignoble. In this manner, by degrees, the choice productions of the immense treasures of art, foreign as well as native, which Great Britain possesses, might become the common property of the nation. Such a benevolent Art-Union might effect another gratifying result, by the engagement of qualified persons at a suitable rate of emolument, to deliver gratuitous weekly lectures in the British Museum and the National Gallery. I am convinced that upon such occasions there would be a very numerous attendance. Fine Art, as experience and reflection show, is the only means of affording to the lower classes a really intellectual improvement, of approximating their moral position to that of the higher grades. To the latter, as commanding all the treasures above alluded to, this were an important result. This subject, as also others relating to Fine Art, I shall have the pleasure of treating in my next letter to you.

BERLIN, May 29th, 1840.

ON THE APPLICATIONS OF SCIENCE TO THE FINE AND USEFUL ARTS.

ON THE CHEMISTRY OF COLOURS EMPLOYED IN THE ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

NO. III.—IRON.

THERE is no metal which is so uniformly disseminated through nature as iron; in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, it is discovered performing the most important offices; indeed, recent researches would lead us to believe that both in the organic and inorganic creations, this metal determines the physical arrangements of the mass. In economic value there is no production of nature which is so important as iron, there being scarcely any of the wants of a civilised community to which it does not directly or indirectly minister. At present, however, we have only to deal with the uses of iron in the arts, as a means of producing coloured surfaces. From a very early period its native compounds have been employed by man. Upon examination of the most ancient specimens of Art, we discover that the yellows and browns were produced by ochres. In many of the fresco paintings of the earliest Egyptian tombs, scarcely any colours are employed beyond those which may be produced by ferruginous combinations: the reds, browns, and yellows being all ochres, in most cases such as are found in nature, but in some they have in all probability been prepared by burning and other processes. Pliny gives us some account of these preparations, although he does not appear to have been aware of their chemical composition. He informs us that there are certain mineral colours which serve the purposes

of painters—among others *sil*, or ochre. This ochre he says is a kind of muddy slime, the best kind of which is brought from the neighbourhood of Athens, “and every pound of it is worth two and thirty deniers;” the second quality is hard as stone or marble, and the third sort is of a compact substance, which is brought from the Isle of Scyros, and hence called Scyricum. We are informed also, that Polygnotus and Myron were the first painters who employed *sil* or ochre in their works. “The age ensuing,” says Pliny, “employed some kinds in giving light unto their colours, but that of Scyros and Lydia for shadows.” “The *sil* of Achaea is used by painters for their shadows; this is sold after two sextaries the pound. As for the *sil* which cometh out of France, called the *bright sil*, it is sold, every pound, two asces less than that of Achaea. This *sil*, and the first called Atticam, painters use to give a lustre and light withal; but the second kind, which standeth upon marble, is not employed but in tablaments and chapters of pillars, for that the marble grit within it doth withstand the bitterness of the lime. This *sil* is digged out of certain hills not past twenty miles from Rome; afterwards they burn it, and by that means do sophisticate and sell it for the fast or flat kind called Pressum, but that it is not true and natural, but calcined, appears evidently by the bitterness that it hath, and for that it is resolved into powder.”* We find iron ores employed as a pigment by the Romans under the several names of sinopis, ruddell or red stone, and vitriol or black. The ruddell appears to have been the substance known as Armenian bole at the present day. Sir Humphry Davy† examined the colours employed in the baths of Titus, in the stucco of the monument of Caius Cestius, and in the celebrated Noss Aldovrandine. He found the dull red of the stucco to be an iron ochre, and a purplish-red to be of the same general chemical character, and all the reds of the Aldovrandine picture to be oxides of iron, as were also all the yellows; and a large earthen pot of yellow paint found in one of the chambers of the baths of Titus, when submitted to chemical examination was found to be a mixture of yellow ochre with chalk or carbonate of lime. M. Chaptal also analysed seven colours found in a colour shop at Pompeii, and two of these proved to be oxides of iron.‡

* All the ochres are native productions, but they are sometimes submitted to calcination, and to other methods of preparation. The colouring matter in all of them is iron in different states of oxidisation. The principal are the following:—Red ochre, Yellow ochre, Venetian red, Light red, Stone ochre, Roman ochre, Oxford ochre; and we may class in the same list, although in some respects they are distinguished from the other colours, Umber, and Raw Sienna—these being also oxides of iron.

Venetian and light red are often prepared artificially by calcining the protosulphate of iron (green vitriol); according to the degree of heat to which the salt is subjected in the process of burning, the colour varies. This appears to depend more upon some peculiar arrangement of the particles, when under the influence of caloric, than on any chemical difference. Other varieties of colour may be formed by mixing muriate of soda (common salt) with the iron salt, previously to calcination; the muriate of soda, however, acts merely in effecting a new disposition of the atoms of the oxidising mass.

In the distillation of sulphuric acid from the sulphate of iron, there is left in the retort an earthy-looking powder, known in commerce as *colatath*, and sold as plate or jewellers' rouge. The same preparation, being finely levigated and freed from grit by a process of elutriation, is employed commonly as a pigment.

Umber is a native oxide of iron containing some oxide of manganese. The best varieties are said to be obtained in Cyprus, where the colour varies from a yellowish to a blackish brown. Burnt umber is simply the above mineral, acted upon by heat; the iron passes

* Pliny's Natural History, lib. xxxv.

† Philosophical Transactions for 1815.
‡ M. Chaptal, Annales des Chimie, vol. lxx. p. 22. See also Chimie appliquée aux Arts, by the same.

into a higher state of oxidation, and the colour is deepened. It is not unfrequently that bituminous masses of what are called earthy coal are employed, instead of the true umber.

Raw sienna is a compound of earthy matter, principally alumina and oxide of iron; the action of fire, as in the above case, occasions the combination of more oxygen, and we thus produce the burnt variety of a deeper colour.

Hematite, a name in use among the ancients, and applied to all those varieties of iron which are of a blood-red colour, is often reduced to a fine powder and employed as a colour; in this ore the iron exists in its highest state of oxidation.

Reddell, or red chalk, the common drawing material, is a clay containing but a small proportion of the peroxide of iron.

The permanence of all these colours is most remarkable, notwithstanding their exposure for ages to every atmospheric change, to every alternation of light and heat, and not unfrequently to chemical exhalations; we find them in their original brilliancy upon even those works which were contemporaneous with the liberation of the Jews from the bondage of the Egyptians.

A number of very beautiful blues are also obtained from compounds of iron; the most important of these is the prussian blue. This pigment was discovered by Diesbach, a colour-maker at Berlin, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, but the process by which it was obtained was for many years kept a profound secret. It is now manufactured upon a large scale in many parts of this country. The formation of this colour involves some exceedingly curious chemical changes, which we shall endeavour to explain in the most simple terms. The colour consists essentially in a combination of iron with a peculiar body called cyanogen, which is most familiarly known in the form of hydrocyanic acid, or that principle which gives the familiar odour to the essential oil of the bitter almond, or the kernel of the peach. To produce prussian blue it is necessary to form a peculiar salt, known as the yellow prussiate of potash, the true chemical name of which is *ferrocyanide of potassium*. This compound is prepared by calcining together blood, horns and hoofs, with pearl-sashes and iron-filings. The operation is conducted in large iron pots arranged in a furnace, so that the mass can be heated to dull redness, and continually agitated. The calcining is continued as long as it burns with a white flame, when this subsides it is taken out of the pot, and when cold, boiled in water and filtered. From this solution, by slow evaporation, is formed the yellow crystals of the prussiate of potash. Liebig, who has very carefully studied the chemistry of this class of compounds, has shown, that during the calcination no combination takes place with the iron; that the action is confined to the alkali and the cyanogen alone; that indeed a cyanide of potassium is formed, but that, on boiling the mass in water, some iron is dissolved by the cyanide and the ferro-cyanide formed.

If we add a solution of this salt to a solution of the proto-sulphate of iron in pure distilled water, a white precipitate falls, which passes rapidly, by absorbing oxygen from the air, into blue. If it is added however to a solution of a persalt of iron, an intensely coloured prussian blue is formed. The former is called basic prussian blue. In the manufacture of prussian blue for the Arts the impure liquor obtained by boiling the calcined mass of animal matter, potash and iron, already described, is decomposed by an excess of sulphate of iron, and the resulting blue precipitate, after being digested in muriatic acid, is exposed to the air until it acquires the desired colour. To produce very fine tones of colour many precautions are necessary, and it is not a little remarkable that light materially influences the purity of the tint. If precipitated on a dark or gloomy day the colour will be muddy and dull, but if the chemical change is effected in full sunshine the prussian blue acquires great brilliancy and beauty.

A preparation known as Turnbull's prussian blue is manufactured by adding the red prussiate of potash to a pure protosalt of iron; this colour

is even of a richer character than the true prussian blue. It has been recommended by Bachhoffner that prussian blue for artists should be prepared by dissolving peroxide of iron in hydro-chloric acid (muriatic) until the acid ceases to act upon the oxide, then adding to it an equal quantity of water, and throwing the whole on a filter. To the clear liquid a solution of the ferrocyanide of potassium is added, until it ceases to throw down a dense blue precipitate; the latter is separated from the supernatant liquid, and washed with diluted hydro-chloric acid, and afterwards with distilled water; this, when dried at a moderate heat, forms a very pure and bright prussian blue. Antwerp blue is prepared by precipitating prussian blue from a solution of iron alum, by which a considerable quantity of the earth alumina is carried down at the same time; or it may be made by simply mixing dry alumina with the pure pigment to any required tint; the only use of the alumina being to reduce the intensity of the colour.

In the German blue it appears that an oxide of antimony is combined with the iron salt. This blue has a very remarkable purple tint.

There are some other salts of iron which are rendered available to the purposes of the artist; of these the chromates are of the most importance, which class of salts will be more properly considered when we come to examine the valuable class of pigments formed by chromic acid in various states of combination.

Since the permanence of colours is of the first consequence to one who desires that the visible impressions of his genius should speak to future ages, it is important to know that all the iron salts which we have named are distinguished by their persistence under all ordinary circumstances. Although under the agency of strong sunshine, prussian blue has a tendency to whiten; yet in darkness it so rapidly absorbs oxygen that a few hours restores it again to its original colour. Thus for centuries a series of minute chemical changes may go on in the colours of a painting without at all disturbing the chromatic harmony of the arrangements, upon which so much of its beauty depends.

As a colouring agent in porcelain manufacture, iron offers many very superior advantages, and it is consequently most extensively employed. It affords a great variety of tints, both in the various combinations of its own oxides, and in their mixtures with those of other metals. Alone, it affords a red, a brown, and a violet, and mixed with the oxides of cobalt or oxide of zinc it furnishes a black, a grey, sepia and yellow. The colours formed by the oxides of iron will not, however, stand the greatest heats of the furnace; it combines, at very high temperatures, with the flint of the body and thus becomes a colourless silicate of iron. If, however, the quantity of the oxide of iron is increased considerably above the quantity which will combine with the silica of the felspar, a reddish brown colour is obtained called technically *brown-lake*.

Brongniart gives some very expressive directions for calcining the sulphate of iron to form the oxides which they employ in the porcelain manufactory at Sévres, by careful attention to which they obtain oxides of iron, at first of an orange-yellow, then red, carmine, lake, and lastly, violet. For the preparation of the colours to produce the browns, greys, and blacks for porcelain, it is best to employ the oxide of iron formed by precipitation from some per salt by ammonia, potash, or soda. It is a curious fact, which has not been yet sufficiently investigated, that although the oxide of iron thus obtained gives precisely the same results upon chemical analysis, it very materially varies in its quality of producing certain given colours. This is a point of the greatest importance to the potter, and experience guides him with tolerable certainty in the right path; but as a scientific question it has much interest in connection with those very remarkable physical conditions of iron, which present to us the phenomena of the same body exhibiting almost opposite properties. Although iron is employed for the purpose of colouring some varieties of glass, it does not appear that it is often available except for producing a common brown-red glass, for which purpose the hematite iron ore is generally employed;

although sometimes the oxide formed by roasting the sulphate is used. The protoxide of iron will give a pale green, of no great brilliancy to glass; but the copper-greens are in general preferred. A very fine emerald-green is, however, produced by employing a mixture of the oxides of copper and iron.

AVVENTURINE, a kind of coloured glass which was formerly manufactured at Venice, and adapted by those ingenious Art-manufacturers to numerous ornamental purposes, owes its peculiar colour to the combination of iron and copper. It may be stated that this artificial preparation, made to resemble the natural production, a variety of rock-crystal, is of a light brown or yellow colour, and it incloses numerous fine sparkling laminae having the appearance of metallic particles which give to it its peculiar characteristics. Careful examination has proved that these sparkling scales are minute crystals of metallic copper, revived from the oxide by the action of phosphoric acid and tin and iron salts. Peligot has published the following analysis of Venetian Aventurine

Silica	67.7
Potash	5.5
Lime	8.9
Soda	7.1
Oxide of tin	2.3
Oxide of lead	1.1
Metallic copper	3.9
Oxide of iron	8.5
	100.0

To the dyer and calico-printer the iron salts are of the utmost importance, yielding several very permanent and beautiful colours in addition to black. The blacks are essentially tannogallates of iron; that is, they are combinations of gallic or tannic acid, two substances which change very readily into each other, and iron. These acids are the astringent principles of numerous vegetable productions, and from whatever source they are obtained, they equally strike a black with iron, (forming, indeed, ink). Galla, sumach, logwood, walnut-peels; the anacardium of India, oak-bark, and some other vegetable products are employed by the dyer; the three first, as containing by far the largest quantity of gallic and tannic acid, being the most extensively used. The process of dyeing is essentially a chemical one, and within the limits of this article it is impossible, even were it desirable, to give the details of the processes. In general the article, be it wool, silk, or cotton, being carefully freed from all grease, is boiled in the vegetable extract, that the fibres may become thoroughly impregnated with it; this being effected, it is removed to vats containing hot solutions of the sulphate or acetate of iron, and the metallic salt thus combines with the vegetable acid, and forms the required black dye. Ink, a preparation so important to the civilised world, is of the same character as the black dye. It is of the utmost value to obtain such a composition as shall write black and preserve its colour. The great fault of nearly all inks, particularly since steel pens have been so extensively employed, is that they contain too much iron; this oxidises by age and the ink turns brown, and even eventually becomes of a pale yellow. Nutgalls, sulphate of iron, and gum-arabic, are the only substances essential to form a good ink, and on the careful adjustment of proportions its qualities entirely depend. An excellent ink may be formed as follows: digest for twenty-four hours one pound of the best Aleppo galla, bruised fine in a gallon of water poured upon them boiling, occasionally stirring the infusion; dissolve three ounces of green sulphate of iron in water, and add it to the infusion of galla, after having strained it; then add three ounces of gum-arabic dissolved in a pint of hot water, and having thoroughly mixed all together, let the ink stand exposed to the air until it has acquired the necessary degree of blackness, and then carefully bottle it, and exclude the action of the air by the use of good corks.

Calico-printing is only another mode of applying colour to woven fabrics. In most cases a mordant is first applied to the cloth, and a chemical preparation being put upon the block on which the pattern is cut, the one is brought with moderate pressure upon the other, and the

colour is produced either by a chemical reaction between the mordant and the dye, or, as is often the case, the only use of the mordant is to fix the colours.

Iron mordants are employed for producing all the black patterns upon printed cotton goods, and also many of the blues. The mordant generally used in calico-printing is the acetate of iron, formed by mixing a solution of acetate of lime or lead with a solution of copperas; double decomposition takes place, and a sulphate of lead or lime falls to the bottom, insoluble, and the acetate of iron remains in solution. A great quantity of the "iron liquor" used in printworks is, however, now prepared by digesting for several weeks old iron nails, &c. in the crude pyrolytic acid (the acid formed by the destructive distillation of wood). The small quantity of bituminous matter which is always united with this acid retards the action of the air on the acetate of iron formed, and it is on this account preferred. In calico-printing the nitrate of iron is also extensively employed; it is used to produce the "iron buff," as it is technically called, and also as a mordant to receive the yellow prussiate of potash, by which a blue is produced.

A very simple experiment will illustrate to those who may desire to render themselves familiar with the processes of calico-printing the changes which take place with the iron mordants and the colouring matter:—Wet thoroughly with a solution of sulphate of iron a piece of clean white cotton cloth, and quickly dry it. Cut out in two cards any design, and soak one of these cards in an infusion of nut-galls, or oak-bark, or even green tea; soak the other in a solution of the yellow prussiate of potash; then press the two cards into very close contact with the mordanted cloth, and allow them to remain for some time together; upon removing them it will be found that two perfect copies of the excised design, one black and the other blue, will be left upon the cloth. The colours are much enlivened by the action of the fumes of muriatic (hydrochloric acid). In some cases blues are produced by printing the cloth with the red ferroprussiate of potash. At first there is scarcely any visible impression; the cloth is then passed into a bath of steam and muriatic acid vapour, by which this salt is decomposed and a very beautiful blue produced.

There are few processes of Decorative Art which so directly depend upon the researches of the chemist as those of the dyer and calico-printer: every colour produced being the result of some chemical combination or change; their permanence being dependent on the mordants (chemical solutions) employed, and indeed every minute detail of the processes involving accurate knowledge of the laws of chemical combination. Probably the subject is of so interesting a character we may return to the subject of calico-printing on some future occasion; at present, since we are only dealing with the colours which are employed in the Arts and Manufactures, it would be out of place to enter further than we have done into its details.

The importance of iron as a colouring agent will now, we hope, have been rendered evident. Indeed, in its nature we find this metal entering into, and modifying the conditions of every substance, from the blood which flows through the veins of the animal to the sap which traverses the tubes of the forest tree, from the soil on the surface of the earth to the rock buried at the greatest depths reached by the ingenuity and industry of man; we may detect its presence in all waters, and the researches of modern science have proved the existence of iron in our atmosphere. So in the Arts we find this important element performing a most interesting part, and whether we take a fresco from the walls of Nineveh, or a painting from the National Gallery, we shall find iron giving permanence to the idealisation of man; and in our Manufactures, iron, too, is employed in manifold ways, all of which tend to establish it as perhaps the most important, in its economical and physical peculiarities, of any metal which has been made by man to minister to his necessities or add to his luxuries.

ROBERT HUNT.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE Annual distribution of prizes offered by this Institution for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, took place in the rooms of the Society at the Adelphi, on June 14. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the president, occupied the chair, and was supported by, many distinguished personages. The large room was filled to excess, and its walls being covered with the glorious works of Mr. Etty, it presented a very brilliant and animated appearance. His Royal Highness, in opening the business of the meeting, alluded more especially to the subjects for which he individually had offered prizes; namely, one for "a good cement to bind glass together," which was not awarded, because the object had, as yet, been unattained; and the other, for "the best treatise on the cultivation and manufacture of sugar." Mr. Scott Russell, the secretary, then read the report. It stated, that during the past year the number of members had been doubled; that the revenue of the Society had also increased in like proportion, from 800*l.* per annum to 1600*l.*; and that, stimulated by the success of the French exposition of manufactures, the Society had applied for assistance to the Board of Trade and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to enable it to carry out a similar project at stated periods,—about every five years. It is expected that the government would grant the application, and allot a piece of ground for the purpose required. Many of the leading manufacturers of the country had expressed their willingness to aid the plan, and it was contemplated to aid the first Exposition in 1851.

The following is a list of the principal prizes awarded in the section of Fine Arts and Manufactures:—

To Mr. W. B. Simpson, for his paper decorations and efforts to promote the improvement of design in connexion with paper-hangings—the gold Isis medal.

To Messrs. Walters & Son, for the excellence of the manufacture exhibited in their damasks, brocades, tabourets, &c.—the gold Isis medal.

To Messrs. Jennens & Bettridge, for the selection of ornament, and its execution in pearl on the top of a papier maché table—the gold Isis medal.

To Mr. J. A. Hatfield, for the improved character of his bronzes, specially exemplified in the "Dying Gladiator"—the gold Isis medal.

To the Coalbrookdale Iron Company, for the superiority of their iron castings—the gold Isis medal.

To Mr. J. F. Christy, for his specimens of printing on glass with enamelled colours—the large silver medal.

To F. Osler & Co., for their glass manufactures—the large silver medal.

To Messrs. A. Pellatt & Co., for their specimens of coloured and cut glass—the large silver medal.

To Mr. J. Hetley, for his specimens of flowers painted on glass—the large silver medal.

To Mr. W. Potts, for his novel union of metal, glass, and porcelain, the large silver medal.

To Mr. J. Tennant, for his efforts to promote ornamental art in British marbles—the large silver medal.

To Messrs. Halls, for their Florentine mosaic table-top—the large silver medal.

To Mr. Bailes, for his specimens of marquetry—the large silver medal.

To Mr. John Webb, for his carving in wood of a cellar—*the large silver medal.*

To Mr. G. Cook, for his specimens of carving on wood, being an amateur—the large silver medal and 2*l.*

To Messrs. A. Pellatt & Co., for their glass claret jug—the silver Isis medal.

To Messrs. H. B. & J. Richardson for their combination of cut glass with Venetian ornament—the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. Leighton, for his specimens of bookbinding—the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. Lecand, for his specimens of wood-carving, the silver Isis medal.

To Mr. F. Field, for his specimens of wood-carving, being an amateur—the silver Isis medal and 2*l.*

To Miss Catherine Marsh, for her series of original drawings of wild flowers from nature—the silver Isis medal and 2*l.*

To Messrs. Garrard, for their group in Florentine bronze of "St. George and the Dragon," and their efforts to improve art in metals—the honorary testimonial.

To Messrs. Hunt & Roskill, for their group of Maseppa and the shield of Aeneas—the honorary testimonial.

Among the speakers who addressed the assembly during the meeting was Mr. Redgrave, A.R.A. He explained the importance which the Society attached to Schools of Design for raising the character and style of our manufactures; and also expressed his regret that the manufacturers had not hitherto shown much disposition to avail themselves of the facilities with which the Schools of Design, now established, were beginning to supply them.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Hammersley, who has so long and so satisfactorily filled the post of head-master at the School of Design here, has been nominated by the Board of Trade in London, to the more important and lucrative situation of master of the School of Manchester.

LEEDS.—The last report of the Government School of Design established here is before us; but there is nothing in it which seems to exhibit these establishments in a more favourable light than we have been compelled to regard them, generally, from the information we are constantly receiving. It appears that, although the School has been established but two years, there is a debt due from it of 20*l.*, and while it may reasonably be supposed that, at the outset, expenses must necessarily be incurred which are not likely to arise again, yet it might naturally be inferred, that those who are interested in its success would make some effort to give it a free and a fair start. Yet we find that the annual subscriptions for the past year amount to 15*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.*, little more than half of what the committee have paid during the same time for lighting the Schools with gas. The fees paid by the pupils, amount to 88*l.*, and the government grants to 115*l.*, altogether less than the salaries of the officers; and leaving every contingent expense, however necessary, to be paid for as may be. We impute no blame either to managers or masters; all are doubtless energetic and active in the discharge of their respective duties, and desirous of the success of the establishment; but it is clear that this end will never be attained till their fellow-townsmen are fully impressed with the conviction that their interests are allied with its prosperity, and that it requires their pecuniary and personal aid to secure this. The matter is one we are heartily tired of; so often and so fruitlessly have we told the same tale.

MANCHESTER.—The exposition of manufactures and objects connected with the practical sciences, at the Royal Institution, has just closed. In the manufactured articles of silver, glass, bronze, parian, buhl, marquetry, cabinet-work, &c. there was much to admire, and much that exhibited improved taste and ingenuity on the part of our artisans. Nor must the fickle goods be overlooked, though the specimens were comparatively few, especially when it is remembered that the exhibition took place in the very centre of their growth.

The Manchester School of Design was re-opened on the 11th of June; on the evening of which day Mr. Hammersley, the newly-appointed head-master, delivered a long address to the friends and students of the Institution on the "Social and Commercial Influence of Schools of Design."

BRISTOL.—The Exhibition of the Bristol Academy for the promotion of the Fine Arts, was opened at the commencement of the past month. The catalogue contains a list of 243 pictures; and among the contributors whose names are familiar to the visitors of our metropolitan galleries, we find those of J. Z. Bell, Boddington, Bartholomew, Brantwhite, W. Callow, Cobbett, T. Danby, A. T. Derby, Dearman, A. Fripp, C. Fielding, Hulme, Joy, Jutsum, Lucy, T. F. Marshall, Oliver, G. Patten, A.R.A., T. M. Richardson, Stark, W. C. Smith, Townsend, Vickers, T. A. Woolnoth, &c. The local school is chiefly represented by Cannington, Curnock, R. H. Essex, Fisher, Hewitt, S. Jackson, Sen. and Jun., S. C. Jones, W. E. Jones, Parkman, Pritchard, Walker, W. West, Wilmot, and W. H. Woods. Some of the few pictures here exhibited have appeared in London, but a considerable number, and of a good class too, are brought before the public for the first time. In another part of our Journal we have alluded to the position the Academy of Bristol should take in consequence of the noble bequest recently made to it, and trust that at no far distant day, it may be our pleasing task to record the benefits resulting from so timely and liberal a gift.

THE VERNON GALLERY.

INTERIOR OF BURGOS CATHEDRAL.
D. Roberts, R.A., Painter. E. Challis, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 11*1*/*2* in. by 2 ft. 4*1*/*2* in.

THE city of Burgos, the capital of old Castile, is a place of great antiquity, and prior to the beginning of the sixteenth century, was distinguished for its opulence and commercial industry, being the centre of all the trade carried on from the interior of Spain with the various parts on the Bay of Biscay. But Charles V. having transferred the seat of royalty which Burgos enjoyed, alternately with Toledo, to Madrid, the first-named city declined in prosperity, yet it still retains many indications of its former glory.

Among these is the cathedral, a portion of which forms the subject of the annexed engraving. According to some accounts, this beautiful edifice was commenced in 1221 by Ferdinand III., but was not finished till some centuries after. Milizia, in his "Lives of Celebrated Architects," ascribes it to Giovanni di Badajos, who flourished about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It seems however most probable, that Giovanni completed and ornamented it in the florid Gothic style, here seen, which came into general use about his time.

Mr. Roberts's picture was painted from a sketch made on the spot in the autumn of 1832; it represents (according to a statement he has kindly communicated to us) a singular and extraordinarily beautiful staircase leading into the north transept of the cathedral from the street immediately above it. To account for so unusual a construction, it is necessary to inform the reader that Burgos stands on the declivity of a hill, the summit of which was originally crowned by a castle, built at the command of Alphonso III., by Diego Porcelos, in 884; this castle is now in ruins. When, in process of time, the Moors receded gradually to the south of the city, the higher parts were abandoned for a lower position towards the plain, so that the street which is now the highest was formerly the lowest in the place; and the cathedral is now so situated that the whole of the north flank of the edifice, more particularly the transept itself, is partially buried by the declivity of the hill, while that to the south is clear and overlooks the entire city. The communication on the northern side is, consequently, by this most singular staircase.

The admirer of Gothic architecture might visit the greater number of European ecclesiastical edifices without finding anything so rich in decoration, and designed with such exquisite taste, as the subject here presented, every square yard of which possesses some feature of beauty. Let the eye travel from the lowest step of the staircase to the most elevated part of the work, it will discover, in every detail of the elaborate ornament, something to arrest his attention and gratify the sight; while the entire composition, if thus it may be called, forms a magnificent whole. The artist has treated his subject with consummate skill, arranging his lights so that they fall upon those portions of the building where they must of necessity be most effective, and where the most valuable points are brought out. The half-light falling across the picture does not proceed from the window seen to the right, but from another window which is not introduced into the plane of the picture. Had the painter adopted the former treatment, a greater body of light throughout the whole must have been exhibited by reflection, and the powerful contrast now presented by the shadowed parts would be partially destroyed. The figures which give animation to the scene are placed in those spots that seem to require their presence, by assisting to conceal the comparative bareness of the walls; thereby enriching the entire composition, of which they appear to form a part, instead of being put in to fill up a vacant space. Mr. Roberts well knows the true value of such introductions, and how to dispose them to the best advantage.

No living artist has done more than Mr. Roberts to make known to us the rich and picturesque scenery of Egypt and the Holy Land, with all their highly interesting associations—the glorious remains of the most stupendous architectural monuments the world ever saw. Baalbec and Palmyra—the cities of the Desert, Nineveh and Babylon; in fine, every place celebrated in sacred or classic history, has become familiar to us through his unweary and arduous pilgrimages in those lands. He has no rival in a department of Art, which, by the Dutch and Flemish painters of past years, was practised with much success.

Mr. Roberts has expressed to us his entire satisfaction with Mr. Challis's work.



D. ROBERTS. R. A. PAINTER.

E. CHALEIS. ENGRAVER.

INTERIOR OF BURGOS CATHEDRAL,

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY

SIZE OF THE PICTURE
1 FT 6 IN BY 2 FT 6 IN

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22 JU. 52

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE exhibition now open at these rooms consists of one hundred and forty-four pictures, the works of the old masters and of deceased artists (with the exception of Turner) of the British School. Of this number, the Earl of Yarborough has contributed sixty-three or nearly one-half, the remainder being made up from various private collections. Many of the works now hanging on the walls have been exhibited here before, and some among them had been as well away, seeing they can yield little either of pleasure or profit. We would not for an instant deprecate the kindly motives which prompt noblemen and gentlemen to allow their mansions to be stripped of their glories for the gratification of the multitude, or for the probable benefit of the rising generation of artists; but on looking round the rooms, at the annual exhibition of these old masters, we are often tempted to ask, "What good end is to be here attained?" feeling, as the majority of visitors must, that there is little sympathy between the tastes of modern times, and those which called into existence the productions of past ages. Here and there we may admire, and others may learn, but the exceptions are far more numerous than the rule.

The collection of the Earl of Yarborough consists principally of the Italian school; of which the most important work in size is the "Annunciation," by GUERCINO, painted in 1629, and formerly in the possession of the Confraternity of the Holy Cross at Reggio; the peculiar shape of this picture renders it somewhat difficult to judge of its merits as a whole, yet it is a good example of the boldness of execution and violent contrast of light and shade exhibited by this painter in his early years. No. 6, "The Dead Christ with the Maries," by A. CARACCI, is a small picture, distinguished by much pathos in its conception. No. 8, "Landscape with Figures," by CLAUDE, is a bright and gay scene, painted with more power than we generally find in the pictures of this master. No. 18, "Scene on the Ice," by CUVILLIER; a lofty tower rises to the right in strong relief against the sky; the various groups of figures are arranged with the most picturesque effect, and a clear mellow atmospheric tone pervades this really beautiful work. "No. 20 is a noble 'Landscape'" by G. POUSSIN, in capital preservation. No. 25, "The Salutation," by F. R. SALVATI, is a small picture of the Florentine School, rich in colour and painted with extraordinary firmness. No. 31, "Venus and Cupid," by VANDER WERF, exhibits extraordinary finish, but confirming Reynolds's criticism that "his flesh has the appearance of ivory or some other hard substance." No. 32, "The Circumcision," by GAROFALO, though small, bears evidence by the expression of the heads, and the correctness of the drawing, of what the painter learned in the school of Raffaelle. We now come to two pictures of our own school, No. 38, "The Wreck of a Transport Ship," and No. 63, "The Opening of the Vintage of Macon;" painted in 1803, both by TURNER. The contemplation of these works makes us regret that the artist should ever have left his "first love," so noble are they in conception, so truthfully yet poetically treated, and painted with such a free and vigorous pencil. Between these hangs No. 42, "The Holy Family," by TITIAN, a rich piece of colouring which throws its two companions into comparative obscurity. Nos. 48 and 50, "The Ratcatcher" and "A Farrier's Shop," by DIETRICH; the former of these is painted almost entirely with different tints of brown, having much the appearance of a work in sepia; the latter is strong in colour: both are very highly finished, and are good examples of this artist, who belonged to the German school of the last century, and successfully imitated several of the Dutch painters. "The Marriage of St. Catherine," No. 67, by L. CARACCI, is a fine work, powerfully coloured, with a vast breadth of light and shadow. No. 68, "A Sea Piece," by W. VANDERVELDE, glistens with sunshine; the perspective of the vessels is admirable. No. 71, "A Landscape," by REMBRANDT, affords a powerful contrast to the preceding picture by the deep and sombre tone which pervades it; the artist's masterly arrangement of chiaroscuro has scarcely ever been more manifested than in this fine work. Over the fireplace, in the middle room, hang two pictures, by a Dutch painter, whose productions are few, but of rare merit. Nos. 77 and 79, "A Lady receiving a Letter," and "A Gentleman writing a Letter," by G. MERRAU, from the collection of Mr. H. T. Hope, though differently treated, charm by their contrast as well as by the intrinsic qualities of each; the former shows but little colour, and still less subject, but it is valuable for its truth and expression: the latter is exceed-

ingly rich in colour, yet unexaggerated; the attitude of the figure perfectly natural, and the breadth of light almost marvellous; the cover of the table at which the "gentleman" sits, is an extraordinary bit of finished painting. Hanging between these two is No. 78, "A Village Festival," by WOUWERMAN, bright and sparkling, in strong opposition to No. 84, a "Merry Making," by JAN STEN, which is low in tone, yet painted with almost unexampled truth. No. 83, "The Lion and the Mouse," is a characteristic specimen of the combined talents of Rubens and Snyders; the huge animal, fretted with his vain attempts to release himself, is rampant with rage: it is a most powerful conception. No. 86, "Frost-piece," by J. OSTADE, is a capital picture, replete with incident suited to the subject; and No. 95, "A Landscape," by RUYDAEL, exhibits the best qualities of the painter. The south room is principally filled with the production of the British School; many of which are familiar to our readers.

THE NATIONAL EXPOSITION AT PARIS.

IT might very reasonably have been expected that the melancholy position which French commerce has assumed during the past year, and the want of confidence which has been displayed, both by purchasers and manufacturers—a want of confidence, however, which we believe to have been much exaggerated—would have seriously affected the progress of the industrial Arts in the country, and, consequently, have rendered the Exposition in June smaller, and far less interesting than usual. An increase in the number of exhibitors could have been anticipated by none. Yet, in spite of the unpropitious circumstances under which the collection has been made, the Exposition of the present year is one which in many respects does infinite credit to the taste and perseverance of French manufacturers, and which, instead of being hastily made up of flimsy and insignificant trifles, contains a pondering share of those solid and substantial performances, with which we are perhaps too little apt to associate continental Art. The following report of the numbers of expositors, from the first establishment of this excellent scheme for ameliorating the state of manufacture, showing as it does a little-expected increase during the present year, will startle many of our readers.

	In	1790	110 Exhibitors.
2.	"	1801	229
3.	"	1802	540
4.	"	1806	1422
5.	"	1819	1662
6.	"	1823	1642
7.	"	1827	1695
8.	"	1834	2447
9.	"	1839	3291
10.	"	1844	3900
11.	"	1849	4494

We have good reason for being able to confirm the Report (which has been doubted by many of our contemporaries) that the edifice erected to contain all the agricultural and decorative works exhibited, has cost the government 36,000*l.* sterling.

Of what then does the Exposition consist? We must ask the patience of our readers till our next number, for an accurate, illustrated answer to this question. In the meantime we may remark that we have been agreeably taken by surprise by the splendid display of marble chimney-pieces, of stained glass, of objects of all descriptions in gold, silver, bronze, and iron; of textile fabrics, of decorative designs, and illuminations on vellum. In almost everything exhibited, an increase of refinement, a decrease of the *outrage* and ridiculous may be easily observed. We find a considerably less distribution of unmeaning grotesques than ever, a purer feeling for the beautiful, and a happier result of the study of the best models, and adherence to the most orthodox principles of ornamental Art. In fine, we are astonished and gratified at this national exhibition of the best productions of the country, and propose, next month, to give it the attention it so eminently deserves.

OBITUARY.

MR. ABRAHAM WIVELL.

THIS well-known portrait-painter was born on the 9th of July, 1786, in the parish of Marylebone, London. His father, a tradesman, at Launceston, in Cornwall, being unfortunate in business, removed with his family to London a year before the birth of his only son, and died shortly afterwards, leaving his widow and four children in penury. Young Wivell, at the age of six years, was hired as a farmer's boy; his time being occupied in feeding cattle, and driving away the crows from the corn. In this place he remained for two years, and then returned home to his mother, who was his sole instructor in reading and writing until she was enabled to send him to the Marylebone School of Industry, where he was employed in heading pins and pointing needles, and afterwards in the more profitable occupation of making boots and shoes. About this time his mother became house-keeper to a Mrs. Smith, whose walls were decorated with engravings of the best masters, the sight of which first created a taste for the Arts in the boy. At the age of nine he entered the service of Mr. Pointing, a housepainter, where he remained eight months. In 1799 he was apprenticed for seven years to Mr. Osborne, a peruke-maker and hair-dresser, and served the entire time with him. He subsequently commenced on his own account in the same business, to which he added that of a miniature-painter in water-colours, specimens of which were placed in his window, interspersed with blocks and wigs. These attempts, rude as they were, gained him the friendship of Nollekens, and Northcote, who wished him to devote all his attention to the Arts: "for," said Northcote, "success is sure." But the young artist, having married in 1810, found that he could not, without injuring his rising family, devote himself exclusively to the Arts; so he still continued his business of peruke-making and hair-dressing, although he took every advantage of his intimacy with the above-named artists, to frequent as often as possible their studios, for the purpose of perfecting himself in his profession. At the time of the Cato Street Conspiracy, an acquaintance with one of the keepers of Clerkenwell prison, obtained him an interview with Thistlewood and the other State prisoners, so notorious at that period; they all sat to him, and their portraits were much in request. Mr., now Alderman Kelly, the publisher, engaged him to take them again when on their trial at the Old Bailey. Whilst thus employed he had the good fortune to meet Mr. John Cordy, who, admiring the spirited likenesses of the Conspirators, called upon him the next day, and ever afterwards materially advanced his interests. Mr. Cordy engaged him to paint a portrait of Miss Stephens, the vocalist, and advanced him for that purpose the sum of 40*l.*; but after several negotiations the lady refused to finish the sittings. In 1820 Mr. Wivell sketched a portrait of Queen Caroline, at the balcony where she appeared to receive the congratulations of the public. This sketch was so admired, that it was shown to the Queen by a gentleman of her household, when she expressed her wish to have her portrait completed, and sat for it accordingly. The Queen's Trial coming on immediately afterwards in the House of Lords, Mr. Kelly engaged our now rising artist to draw portraits of the principal personages on the trial for a work then publishing; but Mr. Wivell had no means of entering the House, which was crowded with the rank and fashion of the day, attracted thither by the interest felt in the trial of a Queen, unparalleled since the reign of Henry VIII. In this dilemma, and when hovering about the entrance of the House of Lords, he happened to recognise an acquaintance in a barrister's clerk, who could not resist the offer of the artist to paint the portraits of himself and family if he could gain him admission to the House. Next morning he was admitted accordingly, with a bag and papers, in the guise of his friend; and seating himself at the table appropriated to members of the bar, began to sketch away with a rapidity equal to the exigency of the case, not knowing how soon a summary ejection might follow his unwarrantable assumption of the character of even a small limb of the law, which, in his mind, was associated with the unendearing names of JOHN DON and RICHARD ROZ. The surprise of the bar was soon turned into astonishment as the sketches were handed round the table; they soon found their way from the bar to the benches, and from the benches to the woolsack, and so pleased the parties interested that he was permitted to remain in the same place during the continuance of the trial. Most of the noble lords and gentlemen taken gave

him a sitting or two to finish their portraits. Amongst these and others, were the Queen; Her Majesty's Attorney-General, Mr. Brougham; Her Solicitor-General, Mr. Denman; Mr. Copley, now Lord Lyndhurst; his late Lady and their daughter, Countess; Mr. Austin, the Queen's protégé; Mr. Alderman Wood, and His Majesty's Counsel and Ministers. He also took the notorious Theodore Majocchi, and all the other witnesses against the Queen at the trial. The artist now advanced rapidly to the zenith of his professional fame. Amongst the distinguished individuals whose portraits he took immediately after the Queen's trial, were—H.R.H. the Duke of York, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, William IV., when Duke of Clarence; Prince George of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta, when children; George IV., Lord Suffolk, Lord Holland, Captain Seroby, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Mr. Joseph Hume, Colonel Macaroni, General Pepe, aid-de-camp to Murat, the ex-king of Naples; Lord Cochrane, the Hon. Spring Rice, Mr. William Freemantle, Sir Francis Burdett, the Right Hon. George Canning, the Right Hon. William Huskisson, Lord John Russell, Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., his portraits of whom were all engraved. He likewise painted portraits of nearly two hundred members of the House of Commons, for a view of the interior of the House, published by Messrs. Bowyer and Parkes. In 1825 his friend, Mr. Cordy, prevailed upon him to go to Stratford-on-Avon to take a drawing of the marble bust of Shakespeare, placed in the chancel of the church, in the poet's birthplace. This Mr. Wivell executed admirably; it was engraved by J. S. Agar, and is still allowed to be the best published. The success attending this engraving led him to engage on his admirable work, "An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakespeare Portraits," which was first published in 1827; and although the work showed great research and admirable execution, and contained twenty-six faithful engravings of all the genuine and spurious portraits and prints of the immortal bard, with engravings of the Stratford Monument, Rouen's, and the Westminster Abbey statues; yet it failed as a publication. Mr. Wivell's fearless exposures of the various tricks used by picture-dealers and others in manufacturing pictures to suit the taste of the day, drew upon him the attack of a whole nest of hornets about to be deprived of their lawful prey—the public; and the unenvied possessors of the spurious portraits of the poet, for which some of them paid a very high price, swelled the torrent of disaffection raised against the work; so that an undertaking which cost him 700 guineas, besides two years of the best of his life, worth at least 2000 guineas more, realized only 250. Cart-loads of copies were sent to the cheesemongers, and the engraved plates were disposed of to pay the publishers. Time has since signally avenged him for the wrong done to his assiduity; for he lived to see eight guineas offered for a single copy of the work, but time has not made up the pecuniary loss, which reduced him from affluence to comparative poverty.

After the failure of the Shakespeare portraits, his uncle, Abram Wivell, of Camden Town, died and left him the house in which he lived, his household furniture, and an annuity of 100*l.* per annum for the remainder of his life. Amongst the plates sold to pay the publishers for the Shakespeare loss, were portraits of the leading actors of the day, including Charles Young, Elliston and Kemble, Miss Sheriff, James Wallack and Munden, Miss Ellen Tree, Mr. Sinclair and Miss Somerville, Cooper, Harley, Miss Stephens, Master Betty, the Young Roscius; and Helen Faunt, Mr. Macready, Mr. Farren, and the elder Matthews, all considered first-rate actresses, to which may be added Cramer, Mori, Moschelles, and Hora, the composers.

In 1828 Mr. Wivell's attention was first directed to fire escapes, and he invented the Rope Fire Escape, which in the course of time was superseded by his patent one now in use. In 1829 he gave lectures on the subject, illustrated with models and drawings. Shortly afterwards a meeting was held in Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, where a chairman, committee, &c., were appointed, being the nucleus of the present "Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire," established in 1836. Mr. Wivell was made superintendent of fire escapes to this society at a salary of 100*l.* per annum, and continued in that capacity until 1841, when, having a dispute with a newly-elected committee, he threw up his engagement with them, and went to reside at Birmingham in the latter end of that year. He spent a great deal of money and time in perfecting these fire escapes, and so useful have been their advantages to society, that above one hundred lives have been saved by them in London alone. It is evident that we hear of such practical results

arising from the labour of the philanthropist, but our artist was a man of singular energy in carrying out any undertaking which he commenced. In Birmingham he resumed his artistic career with Thomas Atwood, Esq., M.P., and the principal gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. In 1841 he was engaged by Mr. Robertson to take the portraits of the railway celebrities for the *Monthly Railway Record*. This was his last public work. It contains the portraits of G. Hudson, Esq., M.P., D. Waddington, Esq., M.P., Capt. Mark Huish, George Carr Glynn, Esq., banker, S. M. Peto, Esq., M.P., J. P. Westhead, Esq., M.P., W. Chadwick, Esq., Richard Creed, Esq., H. C. Lacy, Esq., M.P., and Charles Russell, Esq., chairman of the Great Western Railway Company.

He died of chronic bronchitis, at Birmingham, on the 29th of March last, in the 63rd year of his age, leaving his second wife, to whom he was married in 1821, and a large family of ten children unprovided for to lament his loss. The sole care of the family devolves upon his eldest son, Abraham Wivell, who, although a very young man, is already a most promising artist.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Although not an artist, this accomplished lady was for so long a period associated with artists and connected with Art, that some notice of her life will be looked for in our pages. Her death took place in Paris, early in June. It was somewhat sudden, although not entirely unexpected. She had suffered from enlargement of the heart, and there can be no doubt that the disease was augmented by the painful position of her affairs, which led to a sale of her property, including her most cherished "household gods," but a few weeks prior to her decease. Few people die absolutely of a broken heart; but how many are prematurely consigned to their graves by those disappointments which, by impairing health of mind and body, make the work of death easy and sure. The pecuniary embarrassments under which Lady Blessington suffered, and which we do not hesitate to say shortened her life, were not the result of extravagance or even thoughtlessness; her income was derived from Ireland, but for the last three or four years only a small proportion of it was paid; the consequence was that her affairs became confused; and although, we believe, the sale of her effects sufficed to pay all her creditors, the result has been to her—death.

Lady Blessington was the author of many excellent works; and in all her writings she was the strenuous advocate of goodness and virtue. The most popular of her productions was her "Conversations with Lord Byron," originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by S. C. Hall, Esq., at whose suggestion they were written. The works which more immediately connect this lady with Art, are "The Keepsake," and the "Book of Beauty," of which she was the editor for some seven or eight years past.

Those who were acquainted with Lady Blessington bear testimony to the generosity of her disposition and the kindness of her heart: no one ever manifested more ready ready to serve a friend; upon no one could more thorough reliance be placed for services wherever services were required, by those who could advance any—even a slight—claim to them. She was largely indebted to Nature for surpassing loveliness of person and graceful and ready wit. Circumstances connected with the earlier years of her life (to which it is needless to refer) "told" against her through the whole of her career; but we entirely believe that the Nature which gave her beauty, gave her also those desires to be good which constitute true virtue. Those who speak lightly of this accomplished woman, might have better means to do her justice if they knew but a tithe of the cases that might be quoted of her generous sympathy, her ready and liberal aid, and her persevering sustenance whenever a good cause was to be helped, or a virtuous principle was to be promulgated.

The feeling we desire to convey to our readers has been so finely expressed in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, that we extract a passage full of generous eloquence:—"That few of the great human fatalities which have through long years tried our spirits by their unexpected occurrence, and the emotions they excited, have been attended with more heartfelt pangs of sorrow than this lamentable close to the life of one possessed of the richest gifts of nature, and endowed with endearing qualities of no ordinary standard. Let those who think they are entitled to do so, cast the first stone at what may have been the real or imputed errors of Lady Blessington; but there are many besides ourselves who knew and could appreciate the genuine warmth and goodness of her heart, her

alacrity in succouring the lowly and oppressed who stood in need of help, her devotedness to the services of consanguinity and friendship, her gentle manners and amiable disposition, her brilliant conversation, her literary attainments, the charm she imparted to the society in which she moved as a delightful centre, and, in short, all the captivating attractions of her character, and they will bear witness with us, to the fine attributes of a being (like all mortal beings imperfect, but yet) made to be esteemed and loved far above the common lot of her sex, most worthy as that sex is of the admiration and gratitude of Mankind. A thousand intellectual and happy days are associated in our mind with the dead form we remember so full of youth, and gaiety, and loveliness. And all this sunshine is darkened in a moment. Is it the doom of literary pursuits that they must end mournfully?"

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT.

We extract the following brief notice from the *Athenaeum*:—"To the necrology of artists lately deceased we have to add the name of Mr. Thomas Wright, who died some weeks ago in George Street, Hanover Square. As an engraver of portraits Mr. Wright was excelled by none of his contemporaries: in proof of which we may refer to those which he executed for the work entitled "The Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," edited by Mrs. Jameson. He also practised portraiture himself with success, in the various modes of pencil drawing, water-colour painting, and miniature. That, possessing such variety of talent, his name should not have been more familiar to the English public is accounted for by a long residence—one of not less than fifteen or sixteen years—in Russia; whither he went in the first instance to arrange the testamentary affairs of his brother-in-law, the late Mr. George Dawe, the Academician. At St. Petersburg he was patronised by the Imperial family, many of whom sat to him for their likenesses, as did also many of the public characters and literary notabilities of that capital. Several of these portraits he also engraved. Soon after his return to this country, Mr. Wright issued proposals for an engraving of Sir Joshua Reynolds's great picture of 'The Infant Hercules'; of which he had made, as our readers know, a charming copy, from the original in 'The Hermitage.' Unfortunately, the plate remains in so unfinished a state, owing to the artist's long illness preceding death, that it is doubtful whether it can now ever be brought before the public. This is the more to be regretted, because it would have been a more enduring monument than the original (now fast perishing) of Sir Joshua's power in poetic composition."

MR. FRANCIS ENGLEHEART.

The name of Engleheart has for upwards of half a century been associated with our records of Art; one member of the family, uncle, we believe, to the subject of this notice, having for many years occupied the position in miniature-painting, which in our day is filled by Ross, Newton, and Thorburn; that is, at the head of the department which he practised. Mr. Francis Engleheart was born in London, in the year 1775. He served his apprenticeship, as an engraver, to Mr. J. Collyer, and afterwards became an assistant to Mr. James Heath. The first plate to which his name was attached were after the designs of Stothard, and he also engraved a large portion of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," which Mr. Heath completed. But the works that brought Mr. Engleheart more prominently before the public were from the pictures and drawings of Mr. Richard Cook, the Academician. These were altogether of a higher character, and were more finished than any of his preceding engravings, especially the "Castle," a subject from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" which was justly considered one of the finest book-plates ever produced in England. His next employer was Mr. Smirke, who was engaged by Cadell and Davis, the booksellers, to furnish designs for works of their publishing. Mr. Engleheart engraved nearly thirty plates for their edition of "Don Quixote." Sir David Wilkie afterwards enlisted his services to engrave his "Duncan Gray," and the "Only Daughter," published by Alderman Moon. His last work was from Hilton's fine picture in the National Gallery, "Serena rescued by Sir Calpine, the Red Cross Knight," the engraving of which must be regarded as his most important production. Among his more pleasing engravings on a small scale may be ranked his contributions to the various annuals, which must now be classed with the "bygones."

He died, after a few hours illness, on the 15th of February last, in the 74th year of his age.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Art-Journal.

SIR,—You have more than once alluded with praise to the plans and purposes of the Arundel Society, even before they were matured; they have now reached a certain degree of completeness, and may fairly therefore be submitted to the examination of that public whose acceptance they claim; I therefore enclose the prospectus of the Society, and I venture to accompany it with a short statement of the present condition of this Society, and with a few observations on the effect it may have on Art, and its appreciation in England.

The list of subscribers contains already more than 400 names, among which are those of several of our eminent artists, such as Mr. Barry, Mr. Bexall, Mr. Dyce, Mr. Eastlake, Mr. Horsley, Mr. Landseer, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Roberts, and others, whose co-operation with that of many influential members of the educated classes, which the Society has already secured, will, it may be expected, soon gather the six or seven additional hundreds that are required to carry out its purposes with any efficiency. That these purposes will be faithfully and clearly kept in view, the constitution of the Council gives a fair promise. Considering however that the object is to act upon public taste, and to give it a somewhat new direction—some discretionary power must be allowed for a time to this Council as a preliminary necessity. Without some such concentration its very first steps will be infrim.

With regard to the results that may be expected from a well managed and numerous Society of this kind, it would be difficult to overstate their importance, as much that is imperfect in England in the matter of Art in general, and that of Painting in particular, can only be remedied by some such powerful agency as this will probably soon become. Ever since the times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great founder of the English school of painting, both artists and connoisseurs have shown themselves dissatisfied with its progress, though at different times it has produced great works. The evil has been attributed to different and opposite causes, but the true one, I apprehend, has not been named among them. At one time it was the Royal Academy, which, by its jealous constitution, repressed the aspirations of the young artist; at another, the English prejudice which put obstacles in the way of the student of anatomy. Then our houses are too small for large pictures, which we scarcely admit in our churches, and the public buildings are very unfit receptacles of works of Art. Much of this is, or rather was—true! but now the Royal Academy has opened its willing arms to the young painters, who gave evidence of their ability in fresco painting, which involves artistic powers, that few of our older painters had the opportunity of acquiring. Now, too, the study of anatomy is almost as easily pursued in England as anywhere else; the "Vision of Ezekiel" is still one of the largest pictures in the world, though it covers little more than a foot square of space. Moreover, we have a National Gallery, and it is not conceivable that we should not before long have one more worthy of the treasures this contains: while the New Houses of Parliament will soon be both a Pinacotheca and a Glyptotheca; but the loudest and most reiterated complaint urged as an excuse for our confined taste, for what are called with an odd sort of candour "furniture pictures," is that the patronage bestowed upon painters is scanty and insufficient.

This is not a fit opportunity to enter upon the great question, how far artists and patrons might be mutually benefited by a freer and more dignified intercourse; whether, for instance, the exclusion of artists, as such, from the English Court, ought not to be considered an anachronism; but by scanty patronage it is generally meant that money enough is not spent in England upon pictures; and it is forgotten that in the two great epochs of Grecian Art, and in Italy, from Giotto's time to Raphael's, probably not half as much money found its way into the pockets of the first artists, as our second-rate painters get here in our own days. It is from a point very far behind mere accidents that the short-comings of the English School of Art must be traced. They unfortunately proceed from the undeniable facts that the artist and the public have not yet recognised the true end of Art,—that they do not approach it with sufficient reverence, nor assign to it the high place which is its due among the most efficient means of individual and social education. The artist too often looks upon it merely as a creditable way of getting an independence, the purchaser of pictures as an exhibi-

tion of wealth, or, at best, as a refined pursuit. No extrinsic motive certainly can inspire the artist with the self-denial and the exclusive devotion to a high purpose, without which no high purpose can ever be obtained; but the Arundel Society proposes to do the best that any influence extrinsic can do; it undertakes to collect diligently and with discrimination the highest and best examples of Art, and to bring them before hundreds of English minds, which would never otherwise have been touched by such guiding and elevating influences. A better appreciation of works of Art must ensue, and act beneficially upon the English school of painting, which can be said, without presumption, to be already the first of any in existence for its many technical excellencies, for its feeling for colour, and for its freedom from mere conventionalities, and superstitious adherence to limited standards. A more enlightened public taste must lead her into a path hitherto untrodden by few of our great artists, and by them only occasionally. The student, whether professional or not, will also be enabled to trace the progress of Art from its earliest efforts, to discover its leading characteristics, to follow them in later works and more perfect examples, and the painter made more and more conscious through all those processes of the great power he wields, will shrink more and more from misapplying it in the perpetuation of thoughts without poetry, and forms without beauty.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

G. A. B.

LESSONS ON ART.*

THE substantial purpose of this work declares itself in the first page, but we have been at some pains to examine the method by which it is proposed to realise the great desideratum, an amelioration in the method of communicating a practical knowledge of Art. We may during a life-time read the sublimated essays of theorists, without being empowered to analyse the simplest composition; indeed, this kind of study without practice has originated the most obstinate abuses. Although the public is advancing in taste—a taste which evidences a growing love of Art, there yet remains an acknowledged degree to be attained, and we shall never arrive at that until Art-instruction is a recognised element of education. Drawing, it is true, is taught in every school, but from these courses of discipline the human intelligence departs uninstructed; for this drawing, as it is called, forms no part of Art-education. The philosophy of Art teaches the student to see what he never saw before; it is, in truth, a second sight of the circle of material nature. The work before us is the production of a master of European reputation, who seems to feel acutely the absence of a more extended intelligence in matters of Art. His view of the remedy which may be efficaciously employed for the cultivation of good taste, is, we believe, the only just one—that for which we have ever contended—that practical development of principle which influences the judgment as long as accurate perception remains. In the study of Art by the initiatory steps through which Mr. Harding conducts his pupil, he entirely sets aside the question of taste or genius. If the taste or genius of the schoolboy were consulted with respect to the study of Greek or Latin, there would be but little classical instruction. "My object," says Mr. Harding, "in this work is not to amuse but to instruct; not to show how time and talents may be lost or wasted in pretty pastime, but how their value may be increased by another means for rightly employing them. Truths of nature are placed before the minds of the pupil, and their imitation before his eyes by methods of ready attainment, and such as are adapted to the comprehension of youthful minds and powers."

The method of teaching drawing in schools is too frequently a system of the merest empiricism, the object being rather to make a show creditable to the master than to communicate sound instruction to the pupil. It is a principle too common to proceed at once to complicated results which are utterly unintelligible to the tyro, rather than afford him that *gradatim* support which will enable him to stand alone and see for himself. The system before us supposes the student to know nothing, but at the end of a hundred and forty very simple lessons, he rises possessed of an amount of available knowledge which places him to a certain extent on a par with the practical artist. The lessons commence with instructions for drawing a straight line by means of dots, and thence show the con-

struction of angles, squares, and other mathematical figures, but the rules are entirely free from the complicity of mathematical proposition. The first number concludes with instructions for drawing a Gothic arch. In the second number shade is introduced, and the practice of drawing from memory is urged. As a test of the power and progress of the pupil, it shows the master whether the pupil has really learned the progressive lessons, or has merely copied it mechanically. All students of Art are anxious to proceed at once to shading, but "drawing, and not shading, is the difficult acquirement. It is the form of the shadow, not the depth of its colour, that is of importance." In the first three numbers of the series, the attention of the pupil is directed to the consideration of familiar objects, the outline description of which demonstrates those principles by which the most elegant forms and most picturesque combinations are drawn. These three numbers constitute the half of the system, and in them are laid down, in a manner plain to the most untutored intelligence, instructions for drawing in perspective the most complicated objects, but without entering upon the formal study of perspective. This is one of the great points of this admirable work, for by these lessons the student acquires a knowledge of perspective more directly applicable to practical drawing than if he had gone through a course of perspective. The fourth number shows a collection of the most striking forms of objective in picturesque architecture, proceeding upon that well-known axiom, on which artists insist—in instructing the pupil; which is simply—to study carefully "little bits," a principle which has made the reputations of some of the most distinguished of our living painters. In every lesson we find reference made to examples already given, wherein are illustrated first principles; and up to the fifth number the instructions refer to the cube as a base of operations, and again in this number the same figure is dwelt upon in every variety of place and proportion. The axioms so simply exemplified are the complicated difficulties of perspective, but the great purpose here is to qualify the pupil to deal with all objects satisfactorily, without having at the same time to contend with the difficulties of the regular study of perspective; in short, the student acquires a knowledge of perspective without the ordeal of that dry technicality which is so repulsive to the young pupil. But it will be understood that it is not here proposed to supersede the study of perspective, for we observe it is the purpose of Mr. Harding at a future time to devote a continuation of this work to instruction in the science.

These hundred and forty lessons are amply illustrated by diagrams and examples. We find in the sixth and last number a short series of subjects of the most attractive character, each illustrating the application of preceding rules. These are "A Cattle Shed," "Farm buildings at Penshurst," "Italian building at Sisterone," "Part of a Castle near Luxembourg," "Italian Stable at Angera," "A portion of the crypt of the Castle of Ehrenberg, on the Moselle," "Buildings at Pussano—Lago Maggiore," "An Old Bridge at Launceston—Devonshire," "German buildings on the Lahn," "Italian buildings—Isola Pescatore, Lago Maggiore." Of these two last lessons "the intention is," says Mr. Harding, "to exercise the pupil in drawing the objects they present, first separately, and then with the difficulties annexed to their combination, and without the aid of a diagram, referring only to what, I presume, he cannot fail to have learned from one and all of the previous lessons. Therefore, supposing that the forms of the objects can be accurately drawn, and that the method or methods of drawing them have been thoroughly learned, I have ventured to complete them more, and to set before the pupil objects at various distances." Then follow precise instructions for executing the former of the last two lessons, after which the author continues, "All this exercise is to the pupil most important. It has been one of the essential features to which every lesson given has tended, viz.—previous to drawing an object to have a clear mental perception of it, without which he knows not where to begin or how to proceed, as everything springing from clear mental knowledge and perception must be right, every attempt made in mental obscurity must be wrong. Precisely in proportion as an object is foreseen in all its forms, qualities, and relations, so will the drawing of it be unhesitating and sure. Knowledge dares, from the proofs it can bring on all sides of its truth, and its power is seen in its daring. Art coming from such a source is bold; from any other, presumptive ignorance attempting to wear the character of boldness without the authority of knowledge—an ample illustration of the jackdaw in the plumage of the peacock."

The remaining examples in the last number are

* "Lessons on Art." By J. D. Harding. Published by D. Bogue, London.

"A Ruin of a Castle, with square and round Towers," "Interior of an apartment in Tunbridge Priory, now destroyed," "Part of Breston Priory Norfolk," "Remains of a Greek Temple," and "San Pietro Val-D'Aosta," all of which are lithographed with the marked excellence that distinguishes every thing Mr. Harding touches.

Such are the fascinations of Art that many are tempted to essay colour and composition before they have acquired first principles. This class of aspirants always retire from the study in despair; but those who pursue steadily the precepts laid down in this work cannot fail to arrive at that kind of practice which is more than half the accomplishment of the power of painting. Of all Mr. Harding's invaluable contributions towards the facilitating a practical knowledge of Art, this must be regarded as the most essential—it is a truly liberal exposition of the means of arriving at the desired end, and will add yet further to the wide-spread reputation of its author.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY.—MUNICH.—I do not know what progress the daguerreotype has made in England during the last years. Formerly it appeared to be not so much esteemed as in France, where it has become a common business, and the price of a daguerreotype is very low. There were two great impediments to the propagation of this admirable invention—the metallic glitter of the daguerreotyped portraits, and the want of artistical conception and harmonious execution. These two impediments are not insurmountable. The principal progress has been made by the application of paper instead of silver plates. Till now, however, these experiments have always been unsuccessful, excepting perhaps those made by Löcherer, in Munich, whose photographic portraits appear indeed without any defect. They are executed with a fine artistical taste, and with due observation of the character of the person whose portrait is to be taken. But the importance of this invention for the Industrial Arts is perhaps more significant. Löcherer copies with the greatest facility and accuracy all sorts of engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, &c., and even designs in crayon and pencil. The original, united with a prepared leaf of paper, is pressed under a glass-plate and exposed to the light of the sun for a short time. In this way you get a true, but negative, copy of the original on the prepared paper, all the lineaments white for black. This negative copy serves for an original plate, from which you receive positive copies as many as you please.

We have to bewail the loss of Professor Samuel Amsler, one of the most celebrated engravers of Germany. He was born 1794, in Sohingenach, in Switzerland, and a pupil of Zess, at Munich. In 1816 he arrived in Rome, and formed friendships with Overbeck, Cornelius, Thorvaldsen, and the other heads of the new school, of which he became a member. Accuracy and character in the lineaments, simplicity in the execution, after the classical examples of Marc Antonio and Albert Durer, were the principles he followed in contradiction to the pictorial and effectual, but in form and expression, negligent engravings of the modern Italian, French, and English schools. In this manner, in conjunction with his friend Barth, he engraved the great frontispiece of the "Nibelungen" of Cornelius, and the "Alexandersung" of Thorvaldsen. In 1829 Amsler became Professor of Engraving in the Royal Academy in Munich, where Cornelius, Schnorr, Hess, and others of his friends were already in activity. Besides different small works he executed in Munich, he engraved Raffaelle's "Entombment of Jesus Christ," in the Borghese Gallery of Rome; "The Holy Family," and "The Madonna Tempi," by the same master, both conserved in the Pinacotheca. His last work was an engraving of the great painting of Overbeck, in Frankfort, "The Union between Religion and the Fine Arts," the completion of which coincides nearly with that of his life. He died on the 19th of May. He was not only an excellent artist, and an estimable character, kind, modest, and very good-natured, but also an admirable instructor of his Art, who taught a number of pupils, now celebrated engravers; as Merz, who engraved "The Last Judgment" of Cornelius, and is now occupied with "The Destruction of Jerusalem" by Kaulbach; Gonzenbach, the author of different engravings after Kaulbach, Schleich, &c.

Within the last few days we have seen a picture which puts one in mind of past times, so extraordinarily favourable for the Fine Arts. It is a

great painting of "The Entombment of our Saviour," the author of which is Anton Fischer, the same who executed the cartoons for the glass windows which King Louis presented to the Dome of Cologne. The figures are in full-length; the composition is rich; the design and colouring are of the purest style, and a deep and true feeling penetrates the whole composition. The picture has been purchased by King Louis for his own Pinacotheca.

The painter Franz Schubert has finished a large oil-painting for the Prince of Dessau, representing the "Rain of Manna in the Wilderness." It is fifteen feet high and eighteen broad. The composition is very expressive, and the execution shows a deep and serious study of the Italian masters. Above you see the heavens opened with the figure of the Deity and his angels, who strew manna and let quails fly. Moses is standing and elevated his hands in thanksgiving; about him are different groups of Israelites in attitudes of gratitude, or collecting and eating the manna, or catching and roasting the quails. Schubert was a long time in Rome and Venice, and his colours give testimony to his acquaintance with the Venetian school. Perhaps you may have seen an engraved work by him, containing the frescoes of Raffaelle in the Farnesina, the best published copy of those beautiful and celebrated compositions.

Eugene Neureuther, whose inventions and compositions for the porcelain manufactory I mentioned on a former occasion, has exhibited a new work, a great pedestal of porcelain, richly decorated with architectural ornaments in the gothic style, and with paintings and arabesques. F.

PICTURE SALES.

The collection of pictures, chiefly of the Italian school, formed by Mr. W. Coningham, so well known in the circles of Art, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Manson on the 9th of June. Many of these works have on former occasions appeared in the same rooms, when offered for sale from other collections; but the prices realized at the present time, though not great in some instances, prove they have not become deteriorated in value, nor are less sought after than in times past. The most important picture in the collection was the "Holy Family," by Sebastian del Piombo, formerly belonging to the late Sir T. Baring, and sold by his executors in these rooms for 900 guineas; on the present occasion it fetched 1890*l.*, being bought again by one of the same family; "The Infant Christ in the lap of the Virgin," a large picture, by Carlo Creveli, formerly in Mr. Otley's collection, realised 96*l.*; "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives," by Raffaelle, 78*l.*; "The Death of Procris," by P. Veronese, 52*l.*; "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives," by A. Mantegna, from the Fesch gallery, 400 guineas; "Tarquinus and Lucretia," by Titian, 520*l.*; Rembrandt's noble "Portrait of the Dutch Surgeon, Martin Looten," sold for 730*l.*; "Portrait of Vincenzo Anastasi," by the Spanish painter, known as "Il Greco," was knocked down for 115*l.*; "The History of the Creation of Man and Woman," described in the catalogue as the work of M. Albertinelli, brought 18*l.*; "A Shepherd Piping," ascribed to Murillo, but of which there is a doubt, sold for 152*l.*; a small picture by J. Van Eyck, "St. Jerome in his Study," recently in the late Sir T. Baring's collection, 15*l.*; the cartoon of "The Virgin and Child," attributed to Raffaelle, 270*l.*; "The Circumcision of Christ in the Temple," by Garofolo, 260*l.*; a small study of Rubens's "Judgment of Paris," 190*l.*; "The Wise Men's Offering," by Fra Filippo Lippi, 270*l.*; "A Landscape," by Bassano, 200*l.*; a small picture of "The Circumcision," by L. Mazzolini, 140*l.*; "The Virgin and Child," by Gio. Bellini, 175*l.*; "The Angel declaring the Resurrection," by A. Mantegna, 128*l.*; "A Marine View of a Port," by Clande, 260*l.*; "A Landscape," attributed to the same master, 130*l.*; "A View on the Dee," by R. Wilson, 215*l.*; and the drawing of Wilkie's "Reading the Will," made for the engraver, with Wilkie's touches, sold for 25*l.* There was a considerable number of other pictures, which brought sums varying from 15 guineas to 100 guineas.

On the 15th and 16th of the month the pictures belonging to Mr. W. W. Hope were consigned to the hammer by Messrs. Christie & Manson. The majority of these works are of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and were hastily brought over from Paris some time back, when political disturbances threatened the peace of that city. A few

only realised large prices; the principal were "An Interior," by Slingelandt, 140*l.*; "A Young Lady in a White Dress," by Greuze, 120*l.*; a fine composition of "A Shepherd and a Shepherdess, seated in a Landscape," by A. Vander Velde, 400*l.*; "The Virgin and Child," an oval picture of the highest quality, 580*l.*; a small "Rustic Landscape," by Ruydesael, 175*l.*; a rather small marine view, "A Calm," by W. Vander Velde, exquisitely finished and charming in 340*l.*; "The Bowl-Players," by J. Ostade, 245*l.*; "Three Oxen," by P. Potter, another small picture of excellent quality, brought 560*l.*; "The Three Smokers," by Teniers, one of those indelicate subjects in which this painter frequently indulged, but a picture of rare excellence in other respects, sold for 520*l.*; "An open place in a German Town," by Vander Heyden, with figures by A. Vander Velde, most elaborately finished, 370*l.*; "The Poultry Market," by Jan Steen, a small picture of the very highest quality, 500*l.*; "Portrait of the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, by Rembrandt, not equal to the portrait of "Van Loon," sold at Mr. Coningham's sale, 450*l.*; a brilliant little work of W. Mieris, "Antony and Cleopatra," 105*l.*; "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by A. van Ostade, a small picture luminous and transparent, 450*l.*; "The Virgin and Infant," ascribed to Rubens, but greatly deficient in his richness of tone, 200*l.*; "Cavaliers preparing to start from a Stable," by F. Wouvermans, a fine example of the painter, 350*l.*; "A Landscape," by Clande, a large picture that has lost much of its original brilliancy, 550*l.*; "Ariadne," by Greuze, the head of a girl with her hand on her bosom, a work anything but agreeable in character and expression, sold for the enormous sum of 530*l.* The rage for pictures by this graceful yet feeble painter of the French school is extraordinary; here is a work containing neither "mind nor matter," selling at a price which would purchase half a dozen far superior productions from any one of our own galleries. Another equally insipid picture, from the same hand, was sold some weeks back for 600*l.*, showing what fashion, not pure taste, can do to enhance the value of puerile performances. A large picture by Hobbema, "A Woody Scene in Guelderland," realised 350*l.*; and "The Repose of the Holy Family," by Murillo, 780*l.*

THE VERNON GALLERY.

DUTCH BOATS IN A CALM.
E. W. Cooke, Painter. T. Jeavons, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 2 ft. 3 in. by 1 ft. 4 in.

The peculiarly picturesque build of Dutch boats renders them especial favourites with our marine painters, clumsy and ill-shaped as they are, when compared with the trimly constructed vessels of modern times; for it is singular that the ship-builders of Holland have made but little alteration in the forms of their ships since the days of Van Tromp and Opdam. But the rounded head and stern, the rich brown colour with which they are painted, with now and then a bright green or a red stripe to relieve the monotony of tint, are all of valuable assistance to the artist.

Mr. Cooke has for a long period ranked with the foremost of our painters of these subjects, having exhibited for several years some most excellent pictures; among which is the one here engraved, which was purchased from the British Institution in 1844. It is a quiet and delicately-handled representation of one of those North Sea scenes which the painter has frequently delineated with so much truth and feeling. The work is composed judiciously and effectively, the distance is obtained by a very careful management of aerial perspective, and the groups of boats on each side are well balanced. There is little or no motion in the mass of clouds stretching towards the horizon, nor does there seem a breath of wind to swell the sails that hang listlessly on the spars and rigging. In the composition of the picture we are strongly reminded of Vander Velde, but the atmospheric tints which pervade it are brighter than we are accustomed to see them in the works of the Dutch master. Among Mr. Cooke's later productions are several Italian subjects, in which however he does not seem quite so much at home, as in scenes similar to that before us.

Simple as the subject is, it makes a highly effective engraving, the arrangement of light and shadow forming a strong but not violent contrast. We are enabled to add that the print has the testimony of Mr. Cooke's approbation.



T. JEAVONS, ENGRAVER.

DUTCH BOATS IN A CALM.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY.

SIZE OF THE PICTURE

2 FT 3 IN BY 1 FT 4 IN.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY GEORGE VIRTUE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRINTED BY W. COOKE.

22 JU 53



John P. Knight

MY DEAR HARRY,—You desire to have some account of my life and adventures, but if you expect, in the few every-day circumstances I am about to lay before you, to find materials for a startling romance or a melo-dramatic entertainment, I forewarn you of a grievous disappointment.

My father, the celebrated, and I am proud to say, wherever known, the much esteemed little Knight, the comedian, married a Miss Clews, of Stafford, to which circumstance may be traced the birth of your humble servant, in the year 1803. The town of Stafford, so justly famous as the chief shoe-mart in the United Kingdom, may thus claim all the honour of being my birthplace; and I may, in nursery phrase, be said to have been found under a boot tree, instead of the more genteel currant or gooseberry.

My father's rising fortunes bringing him to "the London boards," I was removed from the uninspiring atmosphere of the tan-pit, to the more ambition-stirring influence of the metropolitan fog; and, for still further development, was trained at a classical and commercial academy, previous to entering a busy life. Here occurred a difficulty—"What can we do with that boy?" was the anxious query of my parents, with the usual and very flattering addition that "he exhibits no talent for any particular pursuit." However, this state of anxiety was soon put an end to, by "a very advantageous opening" in the house of a West India merchant, who, requiring the assistance of a junior clerk, and my qualifications being considered equal to

that high station, I was duly appointed to a desk in Mark Lane, having to ascend the perilous height of an office stool, where invoices and bills of sale became my daily care and occupation.

Still my ambitious soul had its high aspirations, and day by day I made a reverential bow to the Mansion House, with certain Whittingtonian whisperings, that the mayoral robes were destined some day to add grace to the honoured person of the then but humble clerk.

This grand career, however, was doomed to an abrupt termination. The high stool, the desk and gloomy office, the good ship *Nereid*, the docks, the custom-house, even the Lord Mayor's stage-coach, all vanished before the ruthless invader—bankruptcy. The sheriff's officers took an inventory of the effects, while I took leave of all my cherished hopes, returning to my home, comforted by my friends with the assurance that my fortune had suffered shipwreck.

A heavy and a profitless year rolled on in expectation of some other "advantageous opening," but none appearing, out of sheer idleness, I took to drawing, to the great amusement of the family; for all having a turn that way, were rather severe critics upon my poor efforts. This uncertain state of things went on until my ardour was on the point of giving way; but one evening, being left at home solus, I determined on making one effort more, and so opening a large illustrated Bible, I made a copy from West's head of Eli, and placing my production on the supper-table, went to bed, not daring to face the railing of my merry judges. Next morning when I

arose, my brothers were silent as to my effort, but that might proceed from forgetfulness. I descended to the breakfast room, where, to my astonishment, I found my head of Eli transfixed with a pin over the chimney piece; but perhaps it was only so placed to add a piquant zest to the morning meal. At length my father, the arbiter of my fate, issued from his dormitory, and looking at the head of Eli, and then at mine, said, "Upon my word, John, there is some promise in this." The oracle had spoken—raillery ceased—from that moment I was an artist.

I applied to the large Bible with renewed energy. I turned Adam and Eve out of Paradise; I slew Abel over and over again; and at length I made a Deluge, until my father seeing that my thoughts were decidedly turned in that direction, and being himself a practical lover of the Fine Arts, placed me for six months with Mr. Henry Sass to correct my outline, and for another six months with Mr. George Clint to improve my colour. Thus I was once more afloat, with the flag of ambition flying mast-high—now making my bow to Somerset House—the honoured home of the Royal Academy; having settled in my own mind that the door to fame was one day to be opened at my touch, and that then I should have nothing to do but to walk in and take my place.

With these high aspirations I went most assiduously to work, being helped forward by the encouragement of a kind father; but I shortly had to suffer another shipwreck in his untimely death, which at once deprived me of my patron and my resources. Thus, before I was fairly out of leading strings, I had to commence the great battle of life, and a hard up-hill fight I have found it. Want of means, and want of food, though severely felt, drove me to increased exertions; and since no portrait-sitters would come to my studio, I determined on trying subject-pieces—but deprived of means, how was I to obtain models? I resolved on being my own "models," and was by turns a sailor, an old woman, a butcher boy, &c. &c., until two pictures were thus finished; and my credit being good for a pair of frames, I sent them to the British Institution, where, to my no small pride and exultation, they were both sold on the day of opening; but that which was far more gratifying was the praise so liberally bestowed on my works by Stanfield, Collins, and a host of other names of high repute.

From that time forth I took my station in the ranks of "promising young men." How far that promise has been realised I fear to think of, but my ambitious hopes have at all events been fulfilled by my admission to that body, whose great names had always stood as a beacon to my efforts—the association with whom has been my highest reward.

I was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in the year 1836, and an Academician in 1844; and before the term of my two years' service as member of council had expired, was appointed to the Secretaryship.

During the progress of these various trials I took unto myself a wife, the daughter of an eminent solicitor. As you know her, I need not enter into those encomiums, which, after all, would but ill express my sense of her worth; suffice it to say, that I have never had cause to repent uniting my fate to one, who has always been a cheerful participant in all my troubles, a wise counsellor in all my difficulties, and one who, by her affection and encouragement, has been the main-spring to the attainment of all my ambitious aspirations. Wishing you as good fortune in your projected marriage.

I am, my dear Harry, yours, &c.,
JOHN P. KNIGHT.

[We may be permitted to add two or three lines to this brief but interesting autobiography; no member of his honourable profession is more highly esteemed by his brethren than Mr. Knight; he has obtained his rank by the exercise of much talent and industry, and has acquired large popularity, not only as a portrait-painter but in productions of a loftier character; as the special organ of the Royal Academy his duties may be often irksome and embarrassing, but we are assured that he invariably discharges them with urbanity and integrity.—ED. A. J.]

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS.



Drawn by F. W. Hulme.

Engraved by T. Williams.

THE WILLOWY BROOK.

"A willowy brook that turns a mill."

WORDSWORTH.

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS.



Drawn by J. Gilbert.

Engraved by G. P. Nicholls.

THE SILK MERCER.

"Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polish'd counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again." COWPER, *Winter Walk at Noon*.



THEY who, like ourselves, are accustomed to mark the rise and progress of artists, must often feel with what slender materials a biographer is necessitated to put forth the story of a life. Unobtrusively, yet anxiously—through long years of patient endurance, self-denial, mortification, and laborious exertion, the artist toils; and when at length he has gained the eye of the public, has made his name familiar to them, and some record of his life is demanded as a matter of interest, the most that can frequently be said may be told in a few words,—yet these, not in the spirit of the laconic epistle of the Roman conqueror,—“*Venit, vidit, vicit*,”—but that the victory had been won only by weariness and watching—a long and hard battle with an opposing world.

“Tis an old song, and often sung.”

J. B. PYNE, one of our most distinguished landscape-painters, though unadorned with academical honours, was born in Bristol on the 5th of December, 1800. At an early age he exhibited an unquestionable taste, and a decided inclination, for the Fine Arts; but his father, either unable to comprehend the value of the gift which nature had given to his son, or unwilling to foster it, engaged him to a solicitor, at whose desk he was chained till he had reached his twenty-first year. On the very day, however, on which his term expired, and he had become his own master, the pen was exchanged for the pencil, and he devoted himself heart and soul to the profession for which he had so long panted. Several years were thus passed in Bristol, painting, teaching, and repairing old pictures; about 1835 Mr. Pyne came to London, where he remained a year without attempting to effect the sale of a single picture. He then received an introduction to Mr. Carpenter, of Old Bond Street, a gentleman whose taste in Art, and whose patronage of British artists we have before had the pleasure of commanding. “Mr. Carpenter,” to use Mr. Pyne’s own words to us, “immediately became my patron, bought my first picture, gave me excellent advice, cautioned me against money-lenders, and told me to apply to him when in any emergency. He never bought a painting of me at a low price when I went to him for pecuniary assistance, but always

[The engraving on wood is from the portrait painted by J. J. Hill.]

freely lent me what I wanted, and received it again at my own convenience. I speak of my obligation to Mr. Carpenter with much pleasure; it is his due.” Another liberal patron of Mr. Pyne’s was Mr. Rought, the picture-dealer, in Regent Street. Of him we are told,—“to the fine taste, integrity, and enterprise of this gentleman and friend, I am indebted for more than half of the success I have met with since my residence in London.”*

A year or two after Mr. Pyne’s arrival in the metropolis he began to exhibit at the Royal Academy; but about ten years since he joined the Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street, (of which institution he is now Vice-president,) and to this circumstance Mr. Pyne attributes nearly all the private patronage he possesses, in consequence of his power to place his pictures where they may be fairly seen.

In 1846 he visited Italy, Switzerland, Bavaria, &c., returning with his portfolio enriched with numerous sketches, from which he has exhibited several admirable pictures.

With the exception of Turner, no living landscape-painter sees nature, and depicts it too, under such a glorious “flood of light”; so brilliant is its effulgence as to leave little space for shadow in his compositions, except here and there in the foreground, where a few figures are introduced; or a clump of bushes, or a rugged bank, intercept the daylight. Yet there is no extravagance of colour, nor slightness of manner; every portion of his work is brought forward boldly and forcibly, and is combined into one “harmonious whole.” When time shall have softened down, as it has in his earlier pictures, the apparent rawness of their tints, they will possess a value few other modern landscapes will ever attain.

Mr. Pyne is at present engaged upon a series of large pictures of the English Lakes, intended for publication; subjects for which his pencil is pre-eminently adapted.

* It affords us no little gratification to hear an artist thus speak of a *patron in the trade*; we never doubted that there were liberal and honourable men among the dealers. Unfortunately, they are the exception and not the rule; but while we shall continue, as we ever have done, to expose the harpies who thrive upon the bodies and the brains of the friendless artist, we shall always feel pleasure in recording the good deeds of those who know how to estimate talent aright—to foster and encourage it.

THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.

WE, on this side of the Atlantic, are accustomed to think that our brethren of America are so much absorbed in money-getting and matters of a purely personal or national interest, as to leave them little or no inclination and opportunity to attend to subjects of a less exciting but more intellectual character. We are greatly mistaken; amid the most engrossing occupations, and in spite of the mercantile depression which within the last two or three years has affected them, equally perhaps with ourselves, Art is making sure way with them, while the love of Art, and the desire to foster the rising talent of the country, is shown in the rapid strides made by the American Art-Union. The last Report of this Society, with some of the engravings issued by it, has been courteously forwarded to us. The former almost puts us to the blush when comparing the amount of subscriptions with that of our own institution, while the latter are not so far behind those we have circulated, as the character and standing of the respective schools of Art might warrant us in expecting.

The American Art-Union was established in 1839, when the number of subscribers was 814. In 1848 the list had increased to 16,475; the amount of the subscriptions being \$5,134 dollars, or 18,445*l.* 14*s.* sterling, a sum considerably larger than, we believe, was ever collected in Great Britain and her dependencies for a similar purpose. Is not this matter for serious consideration here, where these societies are dwindling away, and have already lost much of the *prestige* which was attached to them? It may however be argued, and with some truth, that we have several Art-Union Societies scattered over the country, and that the aggregate of these would overbalance the solitary institution of New York; still, allowing this, it is quite clear we shall ultimately be left behind in the race, and to our shame it will be chronicled.

The committee of the American Art-Union, it appears, purchase themselves the pictures intended for distribution. These purchases are made at various times during the year from artists who submit them for approbation; they are then hung up in the rooms of the society for public exhibition till the day for distributing arrives. At present there are fifty pictures on view for the subscribers of 1849, besides others which we imagine have not yet been purchased for this purpose, and some of which we should think are not intended for it, as we recognise the names of English artists among them, Morton, Peel, M. Claxton, S. R. Percy; and the object of the society is very properly to encourage American Art only. At the last drawing 479 pictures and 450 medals were distributed by lot. In addition to works of Art of these respective classes, preparations are making for an issue of bronze statuettes, after the plan of our own society, but which has not hitherto been attempted in America, from the difficulty in obtaining proper workmen. This obstacle has now been removed by the arrival from Europe of several persons competent to undertake this kind of work. A set of outline engravings will at the same time be published.

With regard to the engravings published by the Society during the past three or four years, while they must not be considered as rivalling those of our school, they are creditable to a country where Art is still in its infancy. “*Sparkling*,” or as we should call it “*Courting*,” by F. W. Edmonds, engraved by A. Jones, is well composed, and effectively, though somewhat coarsely, engraved. “*A Sibyl*,” painted by T. Huntington, engraved by J. W. Cattlear, is altogether better, both in subject and refinement of execution; it is a half-length figure, rather small. “*Sir Walter Raleigh parting with his Wife*,” painted by E. Leutze, engraved by C. Bust, is a far more ambitious performance than either of the others: we have here a composition that evidences mind and study, which, if carried out in the execution, would have produced a highly meritorious work. “*Youth*,” engraving by J. Smilie, from the picture by T. Cole, for the members of the present year, is not yet finished.

We have spoken in qualified terms of these performances, because in justice we could not do otherwise. The artists of America have yet much to learn; but we believe them to be following the right path in pursuit of their object, and most cordially do we welcome them and their supporters as fellow-citizens of a Republic which no sea can divide, and where one language, that of intellect, is universally spoken. We feel deeply interested in the Art-progress of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. Our Journal circulates very extensively through the States (certainly between two and three thousand), and it will be equally our pleasure and our interest to devote some of our columns occasionally to reports of such proceedings as may be justly considered to possess general interest.

THE WORKS OF THORVALDSEN.

SECOND NOTICE.

In continuation of this article, it is necessary to dwell particularly on Thorvaldsen's works in his native city, for he has immortalised Copenhagen in the world of Art; it is the Northern Mecca of every true devotee. The Church of Our Lady is the *monumentum exactum* which gives a substantiality to the fame of Thorvaldsen; no pilgrim can enter this sanctuary without feeling himself in the presence of an exalted spirit. The ornamentation of the church is a design not only well worthy of its author, but its felicitous combination of narrative carries us back to Athens and Argos, to Calamis and Pythagoras. In Christian Art we do not seek anything resembling the moveable drapery of Pallas, which, according to Philochorus, represented a value of upwards of a million of our money; nor of the hair of the Zeus, one lock of which was worth three hundred pounds; but instead of this gorgeous display which excited the wonder and enthusiasm of the Greeks, we have an exquisitely pure sentiment which penetrates the soul with emotions unknown to the gratification of physical sense. To which soever of these works we turn, individual figures or agglomerations, we find a truth in the imitation of nature which, without the suppression of essential incident—such as the swelling of the veins from exertion, or any equally descriptive coincidence—rises to the utmost elevation, and the chastest beauty. When the subject demands emphatic severity, we see fire and vivacity of gesture, and upon

other occasions the becoming ease and relief. The draperies, always a difficult study, are qualified with grace and lightness, where a certain formality is not required; and the great point of the narrative strikes the observer at once by its perspicuous simplicity. So deeply was the mind of Thorvaldsen imbued with the best spirit of the antique that all his elegant allusions point at once to their pure source. We are reminded, more or less directly, of the neatly and regularly folded drapery, the curiously braided, or wiry and symmetrically arranged hair, and even of that peculiar disposition of the finger which always occurs in the grasping of sceptres and staffs, in the buoyant step on the fore-part of the foot, the tucking up of the draperies in female figures, with many other peculiarities which strike the close observer.

The Cathedral church of Copenhagen is a very early Catholic dedication to the Virgin. In 1316 it was rebuilt on an enlarged design, and in 1514, received the important addition of a lofty spire, which was, however, destroyed in the following year by lightning. In its injured state it remained until 1550, when the spire was rebuilt, and the entire church considerably embellished both externally and internally. In the great fire of 1728, the church was again destroyed, in common with many other public and private edifices; but it rose from its ashes and was embellished by Christian VI., who added a spire still loftier than the former. At the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English, this church suffered much, and the spire was totally destroyed, and the entire edifice was soon afterwards razed to the ground by the Provincials of the Univer-

sity. In 1808, however, a peremptory command was issued by Frederick VI., then Crown Prince, for its restoration, and about the year 1817 a festival was held, which the King attended and laid the first stone, contributing at the same time 20,000 Danish dollars in furtherance of the great work; and for the ultimate ornamentation of the cathedral, Thorvaldsen was invited to exert his patriotism and his talent, and the result shows how deeply he has felt both for his country and his Art. When he was first consulted respecting the design of the ornamentation he was struck by the grand idea of executing a series of works, forming a continuous narrative from the pediment to the altar, and with the exception of a few links of the original compendium, the artist lived to fulfil his grand design. The principal figure of the pediment composition is given in the former portion of the notice; the remainder is distributed upon two succeeding pages. This necessarily small cut affords a perfect idea of the character and arrangement of the composition; but we would speak of the figures and groups as they are known to the visitors of Thorvaldsen's studio. On the right of the Baptist is a remarkable figure, having his foot raised on a rock, his elbow on his knee and his head resting on his hand, while his eyes are fixed on the Baptist, to whom he listens with profound attention. The entire audience, it is true, is perfectly in character, but this figure is remarkable as especially displaying the power of the sculptor. In the modelling the muscles are everywhere freely pronounced, without any affectation of anatomical display. The pose is that of one who, with every



MERCURY PRESENTING THE INFANT BACCHUS TO INO.*

* This bas-relief, which measures about 84 inches by 1 foot 7 inches, was first executed for Prince Putbus, and a replica was subsequently made for Lord Lucan. According to Ovid, Bacchus was brought up by Ino, and afterwards intrusted to the care of the nymphs of Nysa. Apollonius says that he was conveyed by Mercury to a nymph in the island of Euboea, whence he was removed afterwards by Juno. Ino, or the nymph, it may be, is sitting, and is about to receive the infant in the skin of a goat, the usual sacrifice offered to Bacchus.

qualification for activity, is subdued with fixed attention by the truths which flow with divine unction from the inspired lips of the teacher. Next to this figure is a group of a father and a

son, intended apparently to illustrate the prophetic words addressed by Gabriel to Zachary, and having reference to John—"He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias, that

he may turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and prepare unto the Lord a perfect people." The father, a venerable impersonation, listens with earnest attention to the lesson of wisdom, and behind him is the son, in the prime of manly beauty, posed in an attitude of becoming grace and dignity: his hand resting with reverential affection on the shoulder of the father, is strongly expressive of his confiding filial love. Both of these figures are admirably draped, and present a perfect harmony of outline and a beautiful unity of design. To these succeed a group of a girl and her little brother—the former rests on one knee with her arms crossed before her, and the latter leans upon her. The next is an old man, an allusion to the prophecy of Gabriel, that the Baptist should convert many of the children of Israel, and turn the hearts of the incredulous to the wisdom of the just. Thus the old man listens with an air of scepticism to the preacher, but still it would appear that the powerful eloquence of John has touched his soul, and his rigid lineaments seem relaxing into an expression of conviction. The attitude and feeling of this figure is well calculated to describe the internal argument, and to contribute to the importance of that of St. John. The right wing is terminated by the recumbent figure of a young man who is also come that he may hear the good tidings. Like all the juvenile impersonations by Thorvaldsen, he is distinguished by youthful grace and natural dignity; but he differs in sentiment from the preceding inasmuch as he evinces a sensibility and emotion characteristic of the impulse of youth—of a heart not yet seared by the indifference, or immoveable in the fixed impressions, of advanced years. The features are modelled with fine feeling for classic beauty; the manner of the hair is graceful, and the triangular adjustment of the figure is a masterly adaptation. On the left the first impersonation is that of a boy whose easy yet firm attitude is worthy of all praise. The substance of the figure is perfectly described by the manner in which it is supported by the legs. He seems to



THE ANGEL OF DEATH.*

* This beautiful conception was modelled in the year 1829, and was immediately executed in marble. It is a bas-relief, of 2 feet 10 inches by 2 feet 6 inches. It was placed on the pedestal of the monument erected in memory of Count Wladimir Potocki, in the Cathedral of Cracow, the statue of the Count being also by the hand of Thorvaldsen. The head is enwreathed with poppies; in the left hand is a laurel wreath, and the right rests upon the extinguished torch which it has just reversed.



PRINCIPAL PART OF THE RIGHT WING OF THE PEDIMENT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COPENHAGEN.*

* The principal figure of the composition—"St. John"—forming the centre, and to which the eyes of the others are directed, appeared in our last number.

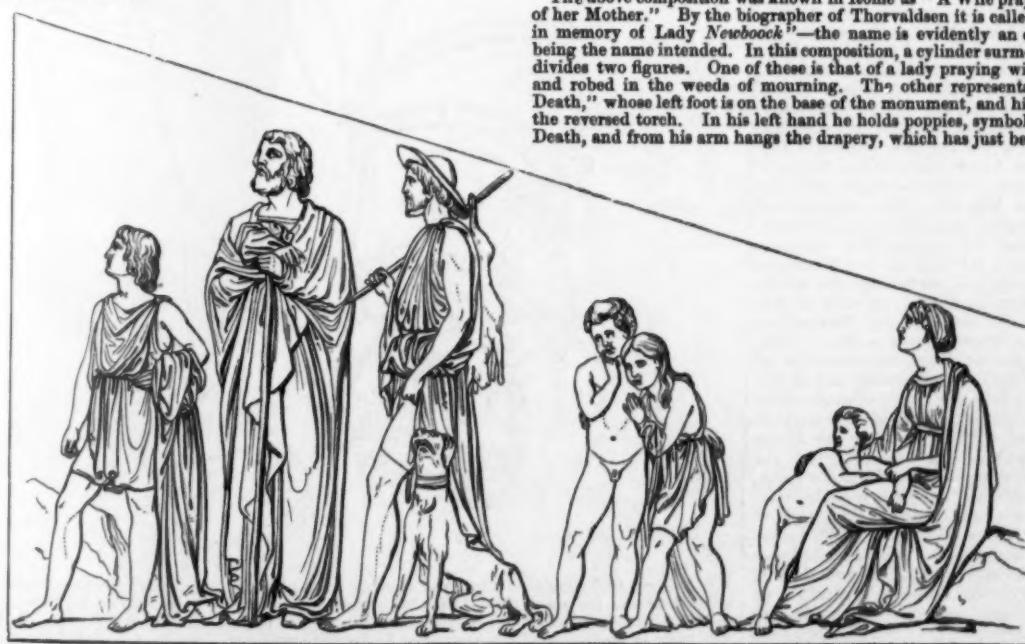
be about fifteen years of age, and his expression is that of mingled curiosity and presumption; he meets the eye of the Baptist with self-sufficiency, and the scoff is upon his lips. Attracted by the fame of John, a Jewish Rabbi mingles with the crowd of listeners to judge for himself of his preaching. He is costumed in a manner to proclaim his office, and he listens to the voice of inspiration with an interest more intense than that of the rest of the auditory. The Levite priest is succeeded by a hunter who contrasts powerfully with the former. This is an admirable figure, bearing in his right hand and on his shoulder a hunting-spear, whence depends at his back a fawn or hare. He is in the vigour of life, and the movement is that easy *abandon* which appertains to the character. He seems but just to have returned from hunting, his dog is by his side, and he has, in passing, first been arrested by curiosity, and then has remained from the interest excited by the preacher. The succeeding figures are two children, a boy and a girl, grouped; the former is nude, and his little sister is lightly draped; and here again is a beautiful result of the descriptive power of this accomplished sculptor in the characteristic differences observed in the modelling of these two children. They are yet too young to be stricken by the words of the Baptist, and amuse themselves with the hunter's dog; the little girl is the more playful, and her buoyancy is checked by her brother, who admonishes her by holding up his finger. These children are, of course, accompanied; their mother is seated,

and attentive to the preacher, insomuch as to be heedless of the manner in which the children amuse themselves. She is richly dressed, but wears no ornament, and is emphatically described as one of those who devote themselves exclusively to their children.

The extreme figure of this wing of the pediment is that of a shepherd who is extended on the



The above composition was known in Rome as "A Wife praying at the Tomb of her Mother." By the biographer of Thorvaldsen it is called a "Monument in memory of Lady Newboock"—the name is evidently an error, Newburgh being the name intended. In this composition, a cylinder surmounted by an urn divides two figures. One of these is that of a lady praying with folded hands, and robed in the weeds of mourning. The other represents the "Angel of Death," whose left foot is on the base of the monument, and his right rests near the reversed torch. In his left hand he holds poppies, symbolical of Sleep and Death, and from his arm hangs the drapery, which has just been thrown off.



PRINCIPAL PART OF THE LEFT WING OF THE PEDIMENT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COPENHAGEN.

ground—a position which it must be remembered is perfectly appropriate. The nude passages of the character exhibit all the careful detail, together with that vigorous development which is always seen in the masculine forms of this sculptor.

The interior is also richly decorated with the works of Thorvaldsen. The subject of a composition on the frieze over the entrance beneath the portico is "The Entrance of Our Saviour into Jerusalem," and within the cathedral, on the right, is another entitled "Childhood's Aid," and representing a child walking, under the guardianship of an angel. The work is a bas-relief, and is said to have been suggested to the sculptor by his own career. On the left is another group composed of a mother and her children, and entitled "Maternal Love;" these works are placed over the alms-boxes. In the body of the church are the apostles, the place of Judas being occupied by St. Paul. These statues are ten feet high, and are disposed between the windows, six on each side, and over the altar is placed a statue of the Saviour thirteen feet in height, as if in the act of blessing the assembled congregation. The impersonations of the apostles are individualised according to the character of each, and the series of these is admirably designed to support the principal figure. The baptismal font is the emanation of a master-mind, a shell held forth by a kneeling angel. A frieze runs round the chancel, on which is represented the progress of Christ to Golgotha. In the sacristy is a bas-relief, "The Last Supper," and in a room on the left of the altar is another, the subject of which is "The Baptism of Christ." In the execution of these works Thorvaldsen has availed himself of the assistance of pupils, like the masters of the ancient schools. Of the apostles the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul alone were modelled by Thorvaldsen, the others, together with that of Christ, having been previously modelled by pupils from sketches of the master: they were only finished by the latter.

It was from Rome that the fame of Albert Thorvaldsen first rose, but it is, and very properly so, at his northern home where we find him identified. He returned to Copenhagen in 1838, and finally settled there with an ample fortune, and with the appointment of President of the Academy of Arts. Having declared his intention of presenting casts of all his works to his native city, with the view to the formation of a public collection, a site was chosen, and a building was erected for the reception of a presentation so valuable. The cost of this edifice was defrayed by public subscription, and is known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. The building forms a parallelogram, having a spacious court-yard within, in the centre of which there is in progress of erection a mausoleum intended for the reception of the remains of the great artist, which are as yet in the cathedral. The decorations of the interior of the Museum are carried out in the Pompeian style, each room presenting a different design and colours, and the enrichments of the exterior walls are figure compositions, the subjects of which are events connected with the erection of the Museum. The number of Thorvaldsen's works assembled here amount to three hundred (we gather our information from Murray's "Handbook for Northern Europe.") A large hall, extending the whole width of the front, is devoted to casts of the equestrian statue of the Emperor Maximilian, and most of the other colossal works. "The Triumph of Alexander" forms the decoration of the frieze of this hall. At the other end of the building, opening into and nearly of equal width with the court-yard, is the Hall of Christ, which contains casts of all the statues in the Freue Kirche, or cathedral, and here only can the grandeur of that statue be seen, for in the cathedral it is so indifferently lighted as to be deprived of its imposing character. Round three sides of the court-yard runs a wide passage, filled with casts of various statues, &c. The space between this passage and the outer wall of two sides of the Museum, is divided into a side entrance on the south, and twenty-two rooms, eleven on each side. These apartments are generally small, but they are well lighted, and show to advantage the works disposed around them. The upper

rooms contain the smaller casts, together with a long series of busts, which are the least striking of the works of Thorvaldsen,—for reasons sufficiently obvious; and to these are added the collections of antique sculpture, bronzes, vases, coins, &c., which he made during his residence at Rome. One small apartment shown here is particularly interesting, as containing the furniture of his sitting-room, according to its arrangement at the time of his death. And here may also be seen a cast of a bust of Luther, the last to which he put his hand—that is as a new work—having commenced it on the day of his death. Many of his sketches are also here: they are

executed in chalk, and pen and ink; and to the trustees of this Museum, Thorvaldsen has bequeathed a fund of sixty thousand Danish dollars for the purchase of works by native artists.

The death of Thorvaldsen took place suddenly, while at the theatre, in 1844; he was then in his seventy-fourth year, and was active in his profession even till the last day of his life. We have, in conclusion, to observe that the whole of the plates in Mrs. Rowan's valuable work are engraved in outline upon copper. This selection, that we have been permitted by that lady to make, we have, at our own expense, caused to be engraved on wood.



* Victory, with expanded wings and bending forward, is in the car with the Conqueror, guiding his spirited steeds. He grasps the car with his left hand, and rests his right arm on his truncheon. In the earlier copies of the frieze this compartment was treated in a manner very different. This belongs to the frieze in the palace of Christianborg, in Copenhagen, and must be considered the first complete copy of this work, which is assuredly the most magnificent composition of Modern Art. We believe that it was originally intended for the frieze of the government palace at Milan.



Tarlton was the author of "The Seven Deadly Sins," a writer of ballads, and his witticisms are to be met with in various jest books. This volume seems to have been written soon after his death, which occurred in 1588.

On our second page we have given some specimens of the foliage of these very remarkable letters, which offer an abundance of fanciful devices suited to a great number of decorative purposes. The large cut at the bottom on the right hand is taken from the letter H, and exhibits a graceful application of the motto "Live to do good," on a riband surrounding a double branch terminating in birds' heads, from the mouths of which spring other branches. This might be made the ground-work of a very elegant handle, or bracket.



EXAMPLES OF MEDIEVAL ART
APPLICABLE TO MODERN PURPOSES.

The initial with which we begin our paper is taken from a very interesting volume in the Harleian Collection of the British Museum, No. 3885. It contains twenty-six drawings on vellum of the different letters of the alphabet, varying in size from ten to eleven inches in width, and from twelve to thirteen in height. They present an almost endless variety of very elegant scroll-work; each letter (with the exception of the one we have selected,) forming the commencement of a moral text, written in the various languages usually taught, and in which is displayed the different kinds of writing in use at that time.

The T we have selected has in its centre a portrait of one of the most celebrated actors of his day, Richard Tarlton, or as it is here spelt, Tharlton. As it must have been drawn within a few years of his death, and agrees with the description given by several of his contemporaries, there can be little doubt of its being a likeness of that very popular person. He appears to be performing his principal character, that of a clown, in which he introduced a jig, accompanied by humorous singing and recitation. Our letter forms the commencement of the following quaint lines:—

The picture here set down
Within this letter T,
Right both show the forme and shap
Of Charlton unto the.

When he in pleasant wise
The countefet exprest
Of clowne, with couer of russet hein,
And sturups with the rest.

Whoe merry may made,
When he appeard in sight:
The grave and wise as well as rude
At him did take delight.

The partie now is gone,
And clouthe clath in clage;
Of all the jesters in the lande
He bare the prouer astate.

Now hath he plaid his partie;
And sure he is of this,
If he in Christe did die, to like
With him in lasting blis.

The engraving to the left at the bottom of this page forms the centre of the letter O, which is completed in the original drawing by being surrounded with foliage, and elaborately interlaced



with knots of a character similar to those shown in our initial letter on the other page.



This design would make a very effective panel, either in carving, inlaying in coloured woods, paper-hanging, and for various other purposes.

The first cut on the right hand column is of this series, and shows a branch terminating in a flower remarkable for its bold and graceful forms, and admirably adapted for modelling or casting.

In the centre of the letter E are the arms and supporters of Queen Elizabeth, very carefully drawn. The lion standing on a scroll, on which is inscribed "God save Queen Elizabeth." The dragon on another, with the words "Long to reign."

There are few objects on which

the artists of the middle ages displayed more taste than in the arrangement of ribands, or

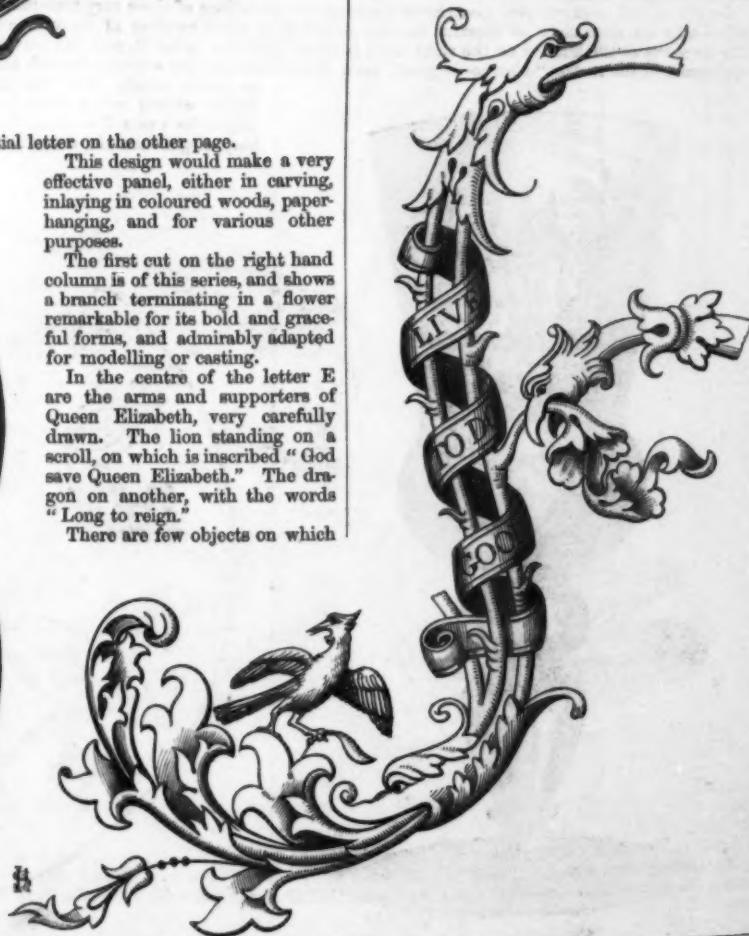


bands, to receive mottoes or inscriptions; and as they are of general application, we have thought this specimen worthy of being engraved as an



example of the beautiful forms this simple feature may be made to assume. All these details are of one-half the size of the originals.

As it is a leading purpose in these papers (besides offering examples of the peculiar char-



acteristics of Decorative Art as practised at different periods), to point out the sources whence those of our readers who wish to employ them for practical purposes, may find a more ample supply of materials, we may be excused for offering a short notice of a most interesting volume very similar in character to the one we have been describing. It is in the British Museum, and has the following title:—

“A BOOKE

Containing divers sorts of hands, as well the English as french secretaire, with the Italian, roman, chancery, and court hands, also the true and just proportion of the capital roman, set forth by Wylyam Tesche, of the City of Yorke, Gentleman. A.D. 1680.”



This book commences with a series of coloured drawings of the cardinal virtues within niches, and surrounded by borders of a rich and elaborate character, to which succeeds a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, who is seated on a triumphal car drawn by four horses, with a figure of Fame in front, and attended by a group of courtiers.

Our second woodcut on the first page represents a drinking-glass in the possession of Mr. Francis Graves, of Pall Mall. It was evidently

a votive gift to one of the burgomasters of Hamburg. The upper part of the bowl is divided into three compartments, within the first of which is engraved a view of the Town Hall, with the following motto—"Ecce animam commercii et urbis alumnam." In the second we have a castle, with the motto—"Pro salute senatorum populiq. Hamburgensis;" and on the third a figure of "Plenty" seated on the shore, scattering fruit from a cornucopia, with barrels and packages in front of her; a ship in full sail on the waters, and the sun shining over head. Above all is the motto—"Non sibi sed orbi." Each of these subjects is surrounded with a very graceful wreath composed of palm

BEQUEST TO THE BRISTOL ACADEMY.

THE Academy for the promotion of the Fine Arts in Bristol, was founded some years since by the munificence of a lady, Mrs. Sharples, who made over by deed of gift, 2000/- to certain trustees for the establishment of the Institution. The wishes of Mrs. Sharples were energetically seconded by some gentlemen of Bristol, more especially by Mr. P. W. S. Miles, one of the members of parliament for the city, whose untiring zeal, and liberality in the cause of the Academy cannot be too highly praised. His R. H. Prince Albert, the Duke of Beaufort, and the Bishop of the diocese became patrons of the Institution, and presented to it donations, which, together with those of Mr. Miles and the other gentlemen before referred to, who most liberally came forward on the occasion, amounted to upwards of 12000/- Mrs. Sharples has recently died, and has bequeathed to the Academy, after leaving certain legacies and annuities, the whole residue of her property, amounting to nearly 4000/-, so that the Institution is now in possession of upwards of 6000/-, a large sum for a provincial School of Art. It is, of course, intended to erect a suitable building when an eligible site can be obtained; meanwhile, premises have been taken in a central part of the city, where has been fitted up an excellent Exhibition-room, with ample accommodation for the Life Academy, which most important department of the Institution has been in an efficient state for several years. The early part of the life of the late Mrs. Sharples was somewhat eventful: her husband was a portrait-painter, successfully carrying on his profession in Bath; but being of an adventurous disposition, he resolved towards the close of the last century (the continent of Europe being then inaccessible to the British) to visit America. In sailing thither, the ship, although under a neutral flag, was taken by a French privateer, and the unfortunate artist, with his wife and three infants, were thrown into a filthy and miserable French prison, where they remained ten or eleven months, and where, from cold and privation, one of the children died. At last, however, they reached their destination, and in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities of the Union, Mr. Sharples successfully pursued his profession, living in good style, and entertaining at his table, not only the most eminent citizens of the Republic, but the ex-King of the French and his brother, then exiles in America. These illustrious persons, together with Washington and many other celebrities of the States became his sitters, and upwards of forty admirable copies of their portraits, in crayon and miniature, by the hand of Mrs. Sharples, who, herself, was an artist, are now the property of the Academy. Having resided some years in America Mr. Sharples and his family returned to England, where he soon afterwards died, and his widow, with her son and daughter, took up her abode in Bristol. Both of these young persons followed their father's profession; Miss Sharples, who had studied under Reinagle, acquiring sufficient ability to obtain, after exhibiting in London a picture called "The Failure of the Bank," the distinction of Honorary Member of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Sharples, Jun. survived his father but a few years, having obtained some reputation for his crayon pieces. Miss Sharples died ten or eleven years ago. It was soon after these afflictive bereavements that Mrs. Sharples, having an ardent attachment to the cause of Art, and having no immediate relatives, resolved to leave a considerable portion of her property for the furtherance of that cause. About five years since she communicated her intention to Mr. Miles, and hence the foundation of the British Academy. Her funeral which took place at Clifton on the 21st of March, was attended by the high sheriff of Bristol, the president, vice-president, and trustees of the Academy, and nearly all the artists of Bristol. In addition to the money bequeathed to the Academy, this noble-spirited lady left it all her paintings and drawings, including many of her daughter's largest and best works, and her whole library, which will thus form the nucleus of a library of works of Art, for the use of the members and students of the Institution. Bristol, has not, hitherto, rendered herself famous for the support she has rendered to Art and Literature; we will hope that with the example here set forth, a new order of things will arise, that may redound to the credit of this ancient and opulent city, and confer benefits on all associated with her. The birthplace of poets and painters, the cradle of genius, should be proud of the distinction that such circumstances afford, and do honour to the dead by encouraging the living.

HENRY SHAW.

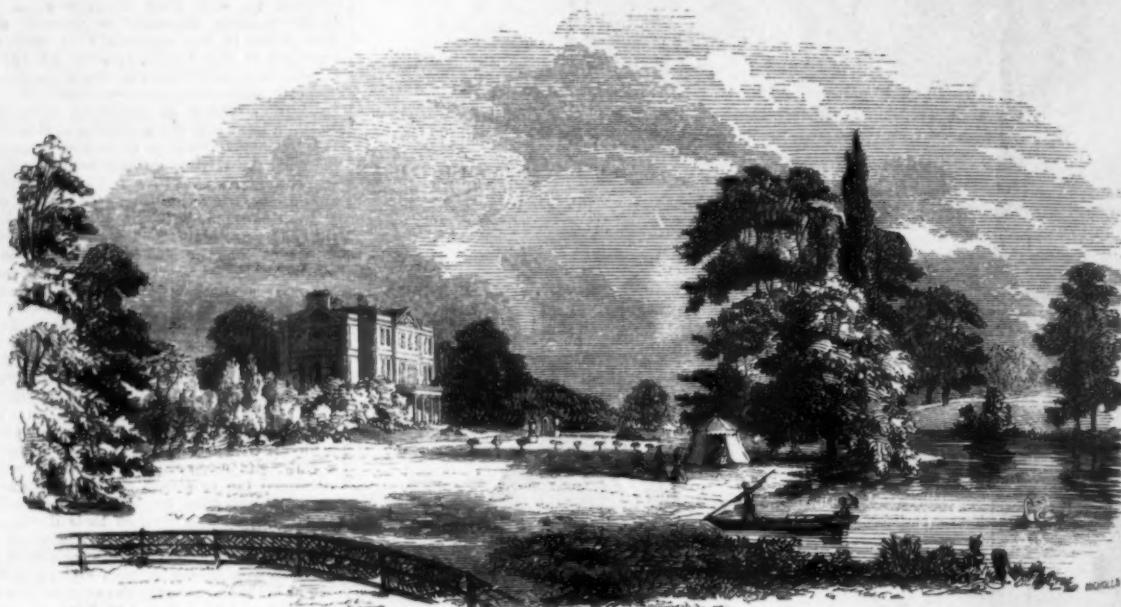
ARDINGTON HOUSE,
THE SEAT OF THE LATE ROBERT VERNON, Esq.

THE munificent patron to whom British Art is more largely indebted than to any other benefactor—living or dead—now reposes in the small village church of Ardington, in Berkshire, the church which adjoins, or indeed forms a part of the demesne, in which Mr. Vernon had exhibited his fine taste; and where, also, he had especially manifested his pure love of nature. The house is a plain mansion; but it will be for ever interesting, as associated with the history of a gentleman who expended many years and much wealth in helping to render artists prosperous and famous, and rendered his country

rich by the bequest of a treasure—inestimable if considered with reference to the lessons it will convey for ages to come. Our readers cannot fail to be interested in a view of the house, which we have therefore obtained. We revert, with melancholy satisfaction, to the happy days we have spent under this roof, made cordially “at home” by the generous and excellent host, whose conversations were enlightened upon all subjects, but who, in speaking of works of Art, was singularly clear and just, and to whom we are not a little indebted for the information it has been our duty to endeavour to disseminate. The church in which his remains have been interred will be “a shrine” still more interesting than the house in which he lived. It is exhibited in the appended woodcut: the drawing

was made since the restorations, at the cost of Mr. Vernon, and shows the mausoleum in which he rests from his labours—labours which have been so abundant in fruitage to mankind. Here also Art has been often busily at work; it is filled with rich carvings in wood and stone; while in the centre aisle is placed an exquisite statue in marble, of Prayer, from the chisel of the sculptor Baily.

Our readers may expect that in this Journal will appear some biography of a gentleman to whom we owe so large a debt of respect and gratitude; but there were in the life of Mr. Vernon few or no incidents of a public nature; and it was his wish, more than once expressed to us, that his private history should not be “intruded” upon the world; although we may



at a future period record some anecdotes illustrative of his connexion with Art and his intercourse with artists (and they will all be such as do honour to his memory); at present

we are not in a position to supply such a memoir of Mr. Vernon as could produce other result than the mere gratification of curiosity.

He was, it is known, of humble birth; but

like many other great Englishmen, similarly circumstanced, he has made for himself a name that will be imperishable. His monument, THE NATIONAL COLLECTION OF WORKS BY NATIVE



ARTISTS, however unworthily placed as yet, will endure as long as Art shall be valued by a nation as a source of enjoyment and a means of education. Mr. Vernon will live “for ever” in the minds

and hearts of the hundreds of millions who will hereafter resort, for pleasure and instruction, to the “Gallery” given by him, with the feeling of a true patriot, to the British people.

We shall elsewhere have to write upon this subject; but this page is worthily dedicated to the house in which he lived, and to the church in which he now reposes.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR MANUFACTURERS.

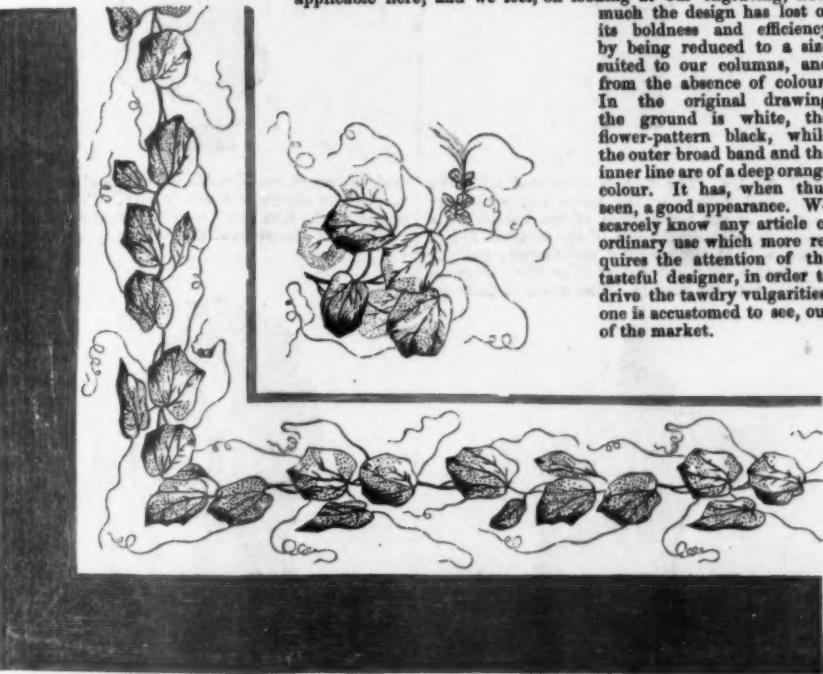
DESIGN FOR RIBBON. By H. FITZ-COOK, (13, New Ormond Street). The obstacles in the way of our rendering justice to designs for textile manufactures, prevent their more frequent introduction into our columns. Contrary to what would be deemed sufficient for the purposes of the potter, the glass-blower, the wood-carver, and the silversmith, where form and ornament are the chief essentials, the weaver and the printer of stuffs require colour to enable them clearly to comprehend the intentions of the designer. It is true that this necessary portion of the manufactured fabric—colour, may be often

left to the taste of the fabricator; and also may be, as it frequently is, varied in the same pattern with equal effect and beauty in all; moreover, the practical experience of the manufacturer will often suffice to show him at once how a design engraved in black and white will tell when developed by its aid. Still, with so much to be said in their favour, the difficulty in making them tell as mere designs, we find to be great. There is also another, and even a more serious drawback to their introduction. We have a purpose beyond that of ornamenting our pages with these objects; we hope, and we know, that much here offered to the manufacturer is accepted by him; but we have our doubts whether designs for textile articles, how excellent soever they may be, would find favour in Glasgow or Paisley, Manchester, or Spitalfields; and this, simply because the patterns we give are open to all, and therefore accepted by none; for the operations of these great marts of industry are kept a profound secret till the goods are ready to place before the wholesale buyer, who would not become a purchaser if he knew that any rival house in the trade were likely to possess the same patterns. There is no injustice in this, for the pattern is property, and as such, should be

long only to its originator; but at the same time, we feel that these circumstances offer an insuperable bar to our being useful to the weaver or the printer of stuffs.

Mr. Fitz-Cook's design is an adaptation of that universally popular plant with designers, the convolvulus; it is arranged with much taste and gracefulness.

DESIGN FOR A CANDLE LAMP. By J. STRUDWICK, (14, New Bond Street). We regard this as



DESIGN FOR A LADY'S COLLAR. By J. L. KING, (Princess Street, Norwich). Wreaths of aqueous plants interlaced with broad bands constitute the foundation of this design.



a very elegant design; it is founded upon the model of the Gothic, and has for its ornaments the leaves of the thistle, while the flower of the same plant forms the shade. The shaft of the column ought to be manufactured in glass, and the ornaments should be of or-molu.



DESIGNS FOR UMBRELLA HANDLES. The carver in wood, ivory, &c., will thank us for introducing to his notice objects such as these; simple as they are, they afford considerable opportunity for the display of taste and ingenuity—ingenuity that ought to be better employed than in designing

and cutting out grotesque figures and heads, which would puzzle a whole heralds' college to assign them a name; yet those are things that the fashion of the day has made too prevalent. The first three designs are by J. STRUDWICK, (14, New Bond Street). Of these, the first takes the form of a

bishop's crozier; in the lower part is an antique mask with a ring for the tassel. The second, which, by the way, is intended for a parasol handle, is formed on the model of the Roman chaplet; and the third is a bold design in the Italian style.



The designs engraved below are by W. H. ROGERS, (10, Carlisle Street, Soho). These differ altogether in style and character from the preceding, being indebted for their ornamentation to a



floral display. The first is decorated with the leaves and flowers of the water-lily, which are confined at the termination of the handle by a band: the second is formed of the common daisy: it has a light and graceful appearance: and the last, which is much bolder than the others, is covered with the cowslip. The whole of these six



designs possess considerable novelty, and might be carved into objects of much beauty. Perhaps one or two of the last series might present some difficulty in the sharpness of the projecting ornaments,



but this might be easily remedied by an ingenious workman. In the days of our grandfathers, when



the solid supporting walking-stick was in vogue, instead of the *switch* now commonly carried, such



models as these would have been sought after with avidity, and manufactured.

22 JU 52



W. ZETTLE & CO. PUBLISHERS.

E. J. PORTSBURY, ENGRAVER.

BATHERS SURPRISED BY A SWAN

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE VERNON GALLERY

SEE IN THE PICTURE
AND IN THE MAGAZINE

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

PRINTED BY F. BRAUN.

THE WORKS OF W. ETTY, R.A.

BATHERS SURPRISED BY A SWAN.

Engraved by E. J. Portbury.

Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2*1*/₂ in. in diameter.

In pursuance of the plan commenced last year, the Council of the Society of Arts have collected for their present exhibition the pictures of Mr. Etty. The object which the Society has in view by these exhibitions, it may be necessary to remind our readers, is, to apply the funds arising therefrom to the foundation of a national gallery of British Art; first, by giving the artist whose works are exhibited a commission for a picture, and secondly, by the purchase of pictures already painted. The success attending the last attempt, with the pictures of Mr. Mulready, did not, we believe, quite realise the expectations of the council; but they have wisely determined to persevere in a plan which, there can be no doubt, must eventually succeed. The public, at the former period, were not prepared to answer the call thus made upon them; the novelty of the scheme caused it to be little understood; and a feeling prevailed, most absurdly as the result proved, that a collection of the works of any single painter, however popular, must necessarily be monotonous and uninteresting.

There can be no fear that, on the present occasion, similar disappointment will follow; for most assuredly, in no country and at no period, could such a glorious mass of pictures be assembled together,—the productions of one artist,—as we now find on the walls of the great room of the Society of Arts. If Mr. Etty, when the hanging was completed, and he looked round on the labour of his own hands and the inspirations of his genius, did not feel a proud man, he must be utterly insensible to this weakness of human nature; at any rate, his countrymen ought to be proud of him, and to pay him that homage which greatness of intellect has a right to claim from others. On examining the one hundred and thirty pictures enumerated in the catalogue, it would be difficult to select any six which have the appearance of early works, so

and colour; in these he has never been surpassed by any painter, ancient or modern; and, as regards the latter, one feels dazzled and bewildered, on entering the room, by the extraordinary brilliancy reflected from the walls. It would be foreign to our purpose at this time to enter upon a critical examination of these pictures, most of which have already undergone that ordeal when seen at the various exhibitions; it must suffice to state that there is gathered here nearly all the most important works of the painter, including the three great pictures of "Judith and Holofernes," the "Combat," and the "Benaiah," from the Scottish Academy; the "Syrens and Ulysses," from the Manchester Institution; the "Joan of Arc," the joint property of Mr. Wass and Mr. Wethered; with others of smaller dimensions, yet not of less value. The earliest date appears on a small picture, painted in 1822, of "Cupid sheltering his Darling from the approaching Storm," and affords us the first indication of Mr. Etty's boldness in the use of positive colour on the nude figure, seen here in the blue feathers of Cupid's wings and the red scarf over the shoulder. There are several small works that have never been exhibited; among which are No. 12, "Cupid in a Shell," an exquisite bit of colour, painted in 1844; No. 84, "Nymph after Bathing," a single figure reclining upon sea-weeds close by the water, with her back to the spectator; excellent in drawing, and of marvellous power in the tone of colour; No. 88, "The Mourner," painted in 1842, full of poetical feeling and charmingly treated.

The Duke of Sutherland's noble picture No. 46, "A Composition from Paradise Lost," appears to greater advantage, we think, than in its owner's gallery; twenty-one years have not dimmed one spark of its brilliancy, though it is placed in juxtaposition with others of much later date.

is here hung in a light which is unsuited to it, and that fails to bring out the wonderful execution of the details, particularly the head of the principal figure, a triumph of the painter's skill.

We might devote pages of our Journal to a notice of this exhibition, without exhausting the subject, so high is our opinion of the matter it contains. That the claims of Mr. Etty to the highest position in the annals of Art have been underrated, what we now see collectively forces us to admit. This comparative neglect is owing in a great degree to the class of subject he selects, and to his method of treating it, for neither of which have the mind and the eye of the public been sufficiently educated. His purpose, too, has been frequently mistaken, and puerile and fastidious criticism has detected nothing in his works but that which is sensual and objectionable. Herein a gross injustice is done the painter, whose object, if read aright, has a contrary tendency, for it is not the mere delineation of the nude which constitutes indecency, but the expression conveyed, and the motive apparent. "My aim," he says, in the memoir supplied to us, and published in a former number, "in all my great pictures, has been to paint some great moral of the heart; as in the 'Combat,' the 'Beauty of Mercy,' the three 'Judith' pictures, 'Patriotism,' 'Benaiah,' 'Valour,' 'Ulysses and the Syrens,' the Importance of Resisting Sensual Delights." Nor can there be discovered in any of his lesser works any feeling at variance with this intent, though it may not be brought forward so prominently. The public have yet to learn the pure lessons taught by him, and we do not doubt that the present exhibition will be the means of their doing so. The hour of Mr. Etty's final triumph over prejudice and narrowness of mind is yet to come, but it assuredly is not far off.

Few of the pictures of this painter have hitherto been engraved; Mr. Doo has brought out the "Combat," two others have appeared in former times in the *Art-Journal*, and Mr. Wass has published the "Head of our Saviour." The exquisite picture of "Bathers Surprised by a Swan" is an admirable specimen of his style;



uniform appears the purpose which the artist has had in view from the commencement of his career to the present time; nor can we discover the attempt to found a style upon any one of the great masters of antiquity, though we fancied hanging there examples of Michael Angelo, Titian, P. Veronese, and Guido, or rather combinations of the quartet. The two grand qualities of Mr. Etty's style are poetical conception

No. 49, "A Bivouac of Cupid and his Company," painted in 1838 for Mr. Gillott of Birmingham, is, perhaps, one of the most gorgeous pieces of colour in the room. No. 22, "Samson Betrayed by Delilah," will bear comparison with the finest antique; and No. 68, "Godfrey de Bouillon, the Crusader, arming for Battle," painted in 1835, and the property of Mr. Wass, is a work which Rembrandt would have been proud to own; it

is most poetically conceived, and rich with beautiful colour; the flesh-tints being brought up with extraordinary brilliancy, notwithstanding the mass of positive colour opposed to them in the draperies attached. The woodcut which appears above, is from a sketch at the back of the picture; we have introduced it as a curiosity of its kind. Mr. Portbury's engraving is worthy of the picture and his own reputation.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN:
THE HOUSE AND LIBRARY.

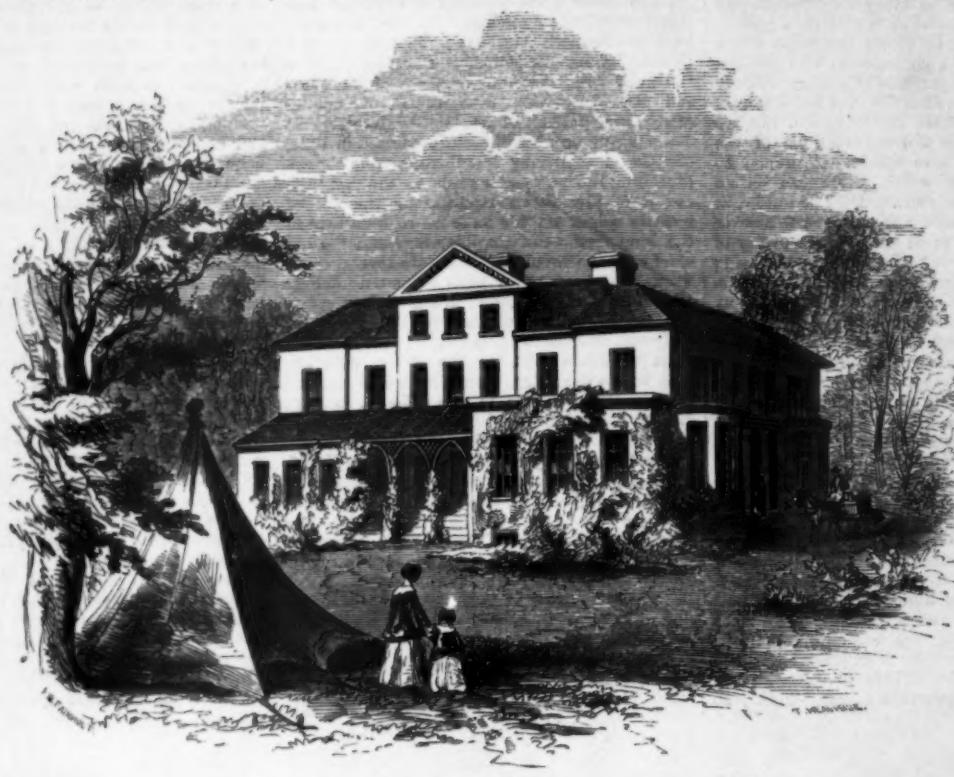
THERE is no mansion in Ireland more honourably associated with its history than that in which have lived Richard Lovell Edgeworth, and his daughter, Maria Edgeworth. While on a visit to Edgeworthstown a few years back, in company with the artist, Mr. Fairholt, to whose assistance

we have been since so often and so largely indebted, we asked and received permission to make drawings of the house and the library, and we cannot doubt that engravings of them will now be very acceptable to our readers.

Edgeworthstown, the seat of the Edgeworth family, is in the County of Longford, some forty miles from Dublin, and at no great distance from the principal town of the county. It is, as will be seen, a plain edifice of no great antiquity, and built with reference less to style than to com-

fort. The library is a large, spacious, and lofty room, plentifully filled with books.

The family of Edgeworth are of English descent; and R. Lovell Edgeworth, Esq., his mother, the mother of Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Edgeworth herself, were all of English birth. Although emphatically an Irish writer, Maria Edgeworth, therefore, can scarcely be described as an Irishwoman. One fact in her career may therefore receive a word of comment; and it may be written without offence to the

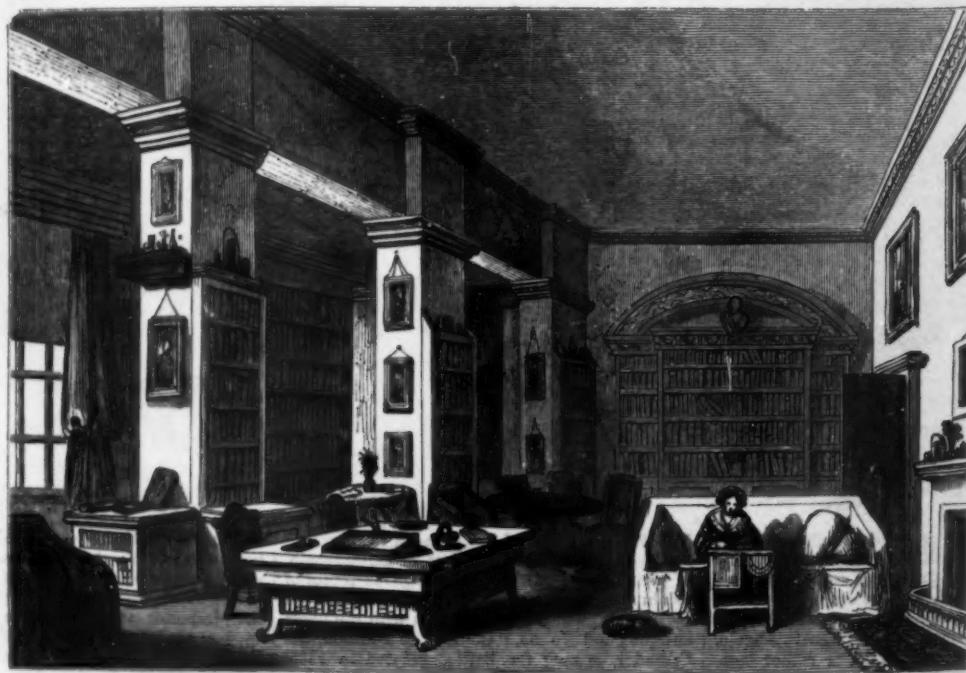


EDGEWORTHSTOWN.

many great and distinguished authors, natives of Ireland, who in song and story have made its "wrongs" immortal—Miss Edgeworth, who was never a party writer, was never an absentee.

From the time when a child of four years old, born in England, and, on both sides, of parents English-born, she arrived in Ireland, to the day of her death at the age of eighty-three, she was

a resident in Ireland upon the lands inherited by her family, where the great influence of her example and her practical instruction extended to all within her reach.



THE LIBRARY AT EDGEWORTHSTOWN

EDGEWORTHSTOWN,
MEMORIES OF MARIA EDGEWORTH
BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

[I feel it a duty and a privilege to give some reminiscences of the venerable lady, who long permitted me the honour of calling her my friend. The opportunities I enjoyed of knowing Miss Edgeworth in her own home, the generous confidence she reposed in me, and the correspondence I have held with her, will I trust justify me in the desire to do honour to the memory of one I have so revered, and loved. I have heard from Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father (and heard it with regret in which all will participate), that Miss Edgeworth had left a letter, "to be delivered after death," in which she requested that "no life might be written of her, and that none of her letters might be printed." But Mrs. Edgeworth does not express a wish that my respectful attachment to Miss Edgeworth shall not be recorded; and I recur with much satisfaction to a letter I received some five years ago from Miss Edgeworth, commenting upon the observations on Edgeworthstown and its inmates, necessarily introduced into our published work on Ireland, in which she says, there is "not a passage or a word she would desire to erase." I have therefore the belief, that to record a memory of this invaluable woman, as a beautiful example of domestic virtue, combined with the highest intellectual endowments, while it may gratify many and be useful to some, can be distasteful to no surviving member of a family, whose renown is a part of history, and who could have furnished the world, but for this interdict, with the most valuable correspondence of modern times. My readers will, I trust, pardon me if I am not always enabled to detach myself entirely from the theme concerning which I write; and that they will also permit me to follow, without studied order or arrangement, my thoughts and feelings just as they occur to me in treating this subject.]

How often do we feel while gazing on a face upon which Time's iron pen is rapidly, and severely, inscribing and deepening the lines of age—how often do we feel that it would be a priceless privilege to lengthen a beloved life by the sacrifice of many of the years that seem promised to ourselves!

This very feeling, agonising though it be in its hopelessness, is a merciful preparation, enabling us all the better to endure a bereavement when it comes; we note the decreasing strength, the fluttering breath, and the increasing feebleness; and, it may be, perceive a small cloud over the mental powers—a forgetfulness of the present, while the memories of childhood continue fresh as ever; we observe these warnings with fears keenly awakened; but they are observed; and observed with natural dread, although suggestive of gratitude for long years of past enjoyment, sending us back to the treasure-house of our still green memory for the wealth created by the care, the protection, the unfathomable love of a dear parent, or almost as dear a friend. And if perchance we rebel against God for that He is about to call home the aged and true and faithful labourer in his vineyard, a still small whisper comes to us in our lonely watchings, in the quiet night season—reminding us that after a little more weariness we shall all be united, "and there shall be one fold and one shepherd;" the bitterness of sorrow passes, even as the harrow over the furrow, and we repeat, until the sweetness of consolation comes with the words: "Lord, not my will, but thine be done."

This preparation is elysium compared with the terror which fills the heart when a dearly beloved object is so unexpectedly stricken by the hand of death, that it is hardly possible to realise the event which you are told it was only natural to calculate. Such is especially the case when the friend has not been seen for a long season.

Miss Edgeworth's treasured letters came to me as usual, and betrayed no symptoms of decay; sometimes breathing a calm and Christian resignation to the "removals," which seemed all too rapidly to call from their domestic circle, many of those she loved; those sorrows she never dwelt upon, so that in general her letters

were full to overflowing with life and hope, containing little hints as to the disposal of the future, mingled with glances at the past, in such loving harmony, that I never thought of the years the writer had numbered—or if I did, it was with pride, anticipating how many more it would still be given her to enjoy: I saw no change in the well-known writing, it was as straight and firm as ever; I heard of no failing; and in my letters I had hoped and planned for the future, and said that now the winter was gone, and the long days of summer at hand, we should meet again!

How vain are all human arrangements! I had failed to note the march of time, and forgotten that age as certainly brings death, as that the sparks fly heavenward! The bitter grief which overwhelmed me when I heard of the death of one so honoured and so dear as Miss Edgeworth had been to me from my youth up, cannot be considered as intrusive in these pages; thousands feel as I do, without having enjoyed the happiness of knowing her, as I have done; to such I may feel sure these brief Memories of a woman to whom the actual world owes so much, cannot fail to be interesting.

It was my custom to place upon my table her latest letter, so that I could often see it—just as a picture is hung to stamp a beauty on the mind, or move to noble thoughts and actions—I never "put by" a letter of Maria Edgeworth's, until I had received another, and this, which I look upon through tears—now too surely her last letter—is as full of life as any of those with which I have been honoured during a period of nearly twenty years. As a proof of how singularly alive she was to everything around her, how full of generous sympathies, how enthusiastic in her admiration of whatever was excellent—from this letter, written but a few weeks before her death, and when in her eighty-third year, I may quote a passage which occurs in a postscript:

"I strangely forgot what was uppermost in my head when I sat down to thank you for what you tell me about Jenny Lind, and, oddly enough, and incredible as it must sound, the very last pages I wrote, in a story I am writing, were in praise of Jenny Lind! but not in such praise as you have given, fresh from the warm, eloquent, Irish heart. I shall beg leave to borrow the words from you, and I hereby return you my best thanks for the permission which I conclude you grant, as I never use a person's words without leave: no names mentioned, of course."

I quote this passage because it is one of the many proofs I possess, of the enduring freshness and vigour of her mind—true to its old feelings, yet not only willing, but eager, to receive the impressions of new ones. Miss Edgeworth's mind, from its first dawn to its earthly extinction, was, as every one knows, more particularly directed towards educational progress; thus it delighted me the more to find her so alive to the character I had sketched of the Swedish lady, in a letter occupied by details relating to the various branches of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. But there was no torpidity in her nature, her heart beat in unison with everything good; and in the note I have already quoted she says, reverting to my communication:—"This QUEEN'S COLLEGE is a spick and span new affair; a prospectus was sent to me, and though I thought it very well written, and farther, thought the Institution likely to be useful, yet I disliked the name COLLEGE for ladies; and did not augur well of a certain air of pedantry, and display of knowledge and science, too grand and great for the purpose. And though I saw Mrs. Marcey's name, a host in itself, and to me a sanction, yet I could not bring myself to put forward my name; besides, I was very poor at the time, and had no subscription to give, as every farthing, and more than we had, was required for our starving and starved poor, for whom I earned a very small matter by Orlan-dino. We are now in a rather better condition, and I can, at least, afford a mite towards the endowment of an Institution towards the education or support of governesses; pray put my name down—query, how much!—better late than never. My objection to the name of Queen's

COLLEGE was fastidious, and has been done away with, since the NAME has merged in the THREE, and Queen's College is now only the title of a good and successful institution; you have quite charmed away all my prejudices, or evil spirit of objections."

Her letters were usually long and diffuse; touching upon a new book, or a new flower, making inquiries about old friends and new authors,* as freshly as if only eighteen years had passed over her venerable head. She was full of vitality; unresting without being at all restless; she was tranquil, except when called into active thought or movement by somebody's want or whim; she was not too wise to minister even to the latter, and contrived not only to do everything it was necessary to do, but to do it at the exact time when it was most needed. To borrow a phrase of Lady Rachel Russell's, she was the most "delicious friend" it was possible to have. She had abundance of sympathy, but it was tempered with a thoughtfulness that was sure to be of value to those who told her their wants and wishes; and her little *impromptu* lectures,—half earnest, half playful,—were positive blessings to those who knew the priceless integrity of her most truthful nature.

When stimulated by her example, which had been a light to me, as well as to thousands, and warmed by her enthusiasm, I ventured to creep into the path she had trodden so triumphantly before my birth, and sent her, with an author's pride, and a young author's trembling, the first edition of "Sketches of Irish Character," I received, within a week, an analysis of every "Sketch," accompanied by such full and hearty praise, mingled with invaluable criticism, urging me forward at the same time, and stimulating the desire I felt to make the Irish peasant more favourably known to England, while earnestly endeavouring to correct those faults in the Irish character, which I believed to be the result of unhappy circumstances, and carelessness, if not cruel treatment.

This correspondence led to our personal acquaintance, and it is a melancholy pleasure to recall my first visit to her, at the house of her sister in North Audley Street, and remember how speedily my confusion vanished, and I felt as if re-united to an old friend. In person she was very small,—smaller than Hannah More,—and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well bred,—

* I find in others of her letters such warm praise of some of our writers, that it is a pleasure to repeat it. Mrs. Gore's "Mrs. Armitage" was a novel she much admired; and she was so charmed with Doctor Walsh's "Residence at Constantinople," that, were it possible, it would have made me still more highly value one of the oldest and dearest friends I have in the world. "I think Doctor Walsh is a friend of yours," she writes, "I do not know whom I have been so much interested and entertained as with his 'Residence at Constantinople.' It is written in such a lively and powerful manner, and contains so much that is new and interesting, that I wonder how he could for so many years refrain from publishing it. It is the writing of a man of real genius—nothing common-place, nothing traced to book-make, nor plated over. The reader rejoices that so many striking events and circumstances, admitting and requiring graphic genius to describe—to represent—fell to the luck of such a writer as Doctor Walsh. There was some man writing to the Irish Society years ago about an earthquake, who began with—'The earthquake that had the honour to be noticed by the Royal Society, &c. &c. I am sure the earthquake that had the honour to be noticed by Doctor Walsh, and if it could be personified, would or ought to say so to him.' It is the most striking and interesting account of the feelings of a person in a danger quite new to them, and of so sublime a sort, I ever read; it is written with such truth and simplicity, and yet with such force and life." She continued long in the same bright strain of praise, and then desired I would assure him of a warm welcome at Edgeworthstown; adding, "unless he likes being a lion, he shall never be called upon to be one, or made to roar. Sir Walter Scott, who was the best-natured of lions, had therein double merit, because nobody detested the thing more. I am glad Miss Porter is with Mrs. —, if she likes it; but I am still more glad that my good dear Mrs. Hodson looks well and is cheerful. Give my affectionate regards, and love, and esteem to her." Miss Porter has survived both these friends. In the same letter, she asks, "Do you know who wrote Cecily? Does it deserve the high character given of it in the Edinburgh Review for July? I have not yet seen the book: it is in that review attributed to Mrs. Charles Gore. She is, indeed, a person of great talent; and I would get the novel directly, if I thought it was hers."

partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness,—that you never thought of her, in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—very blue—eyes, made of value, every word she uttered,—her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to me the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite child-like. I once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's, in Paris, she having commissioned me to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted that I must require them "*pour une jeune demoiselle*."

I remember her once fixing upon the evening of a St. Patrick's day to spend with us.

Let me pause for a moment to recall to remembrance those who crowded together on that particular evening—to think of the many assembled to meet the Miss Edgeworth to whom they all felt they owed so much. But few years have passed; yet the "many" can be addressed only as "the dead."

"Whom we know by the light they gave."

I so well remember the child-like impatience of Laetitia Landon to see the author of "Early Lessons," and how the colour mounted to her cheek when Miss Edgeworth looked long and earnestly at her, and taking her cordially by the hand, said a few words, as kind as they were graceful. "I have lost all my eloquence to-night," observed the poetess to me. "I can only feel how superior that little woman is to every body else, and rejoice not to have been disappointed." There was the brilliant and gentle Laman Blanchard,—the thoughtful and fervent Allan Cunningham,—the burly and boisterous Ettrick Shepherd, whose meretricious fete in London was a sad contrast to his after suffering; the author of the "Pleasures of Hope;" Miss Jewsbury who, however crumpled by sectarianism, was gifted with a loyal and lofty nature, and a noble genius, which, had her life been prolonged, would have won for her enduring fame; the excellent Mrs. Hofland, a model of women and of wives.—All these, and others, even dearer to the affections, have since passed away; and now, the last, the richest in honours as in years—who so rarely left the home she has rendered immortal—has been consigned to the grave.

Maria Edgeworth was the daughter of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the representative of an ancient and honourable English family, settled in Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth; his mother was an English lady, daughter of Lovell, recorder of London. Maria was his eldest child, by his first wife, Miss Elers, of Black Bowton in Oxfordshire, and in Oxfordshire Miss Edgeworth was born. Mr. Edgeworth's residence abroad had enlarged a mind of more than ordinary capacity; he did not feel disposed to let things go on in the wrong because they had been "always so;" after his first wife's death, he brought his second wife (Honora Sneyd) and his daughter, Maria, then twelve years old, to Edgeworthstown, in the county Longford, and laboured with zeal, tempered by an extraordinary degree of patience, amongst a tonnery dreading change, and considering improvements as insults; and this feeling at that time was, by no means, confined to the "lower classes."

In the year 1842 it became a duty, as well

* I remember Miss Edgeworth being much amused by the compliment the Ettrick Shepherd paid that evening to poor Miss Landon—"I have written many bitter things about ye, but I'll do me nee mair—I did nee think ye'd been so bonny."

† Those who desire to ascertain the value and intelligence of this enterprising gentleman, who, in all good respects, was far beyond the age in which he lived, will be amply rewarded by the perusal of his Life, commenced

as a pleasure, to pay our long promised visit to Edgeworthstown.

From this mansion, it is almost needless to say, has issued so much practical good, not only to Ireland but to the whole civilized world, that it may be said to possess the greatest moral influence of any residence in the kingdom.

Miss Edgeworth had so often described to me the family residence, that I could have recognised it without a previous entry to the neat and pretty village which skirts the plantations—looking to peculiar advantage, in the sunshine and sweetness of a June sunset. All we saw bore, as we had anticipated, the aspect of cleanliness, comfort, good order, prosperity, and contentment. There was no mistaking the fact that we were in the immediate neighbourhood of a resident Irish family, with minds to devise, and hands to effect every possible improvement within their control. The domain of Edgeworthstown is judiciously and abundantly planted; and as we drove up the avenue at evening, it was cheering to see lights sparkle in the windows, to feel the cold nose of the house-dog thrust into our hands as earnest of welcome, and, above all, pleasant to receive the warm greeting of Mrs. Edgeworth, and a high privilege to meet Miss Edgeworth in the library, the very room in which had been written her invaluable works.

We had not met, except during a brief space, for some years, but she was really in nothing changed; her voice, as light and happy, her laughter, as full of gentle and social mirth—her clear eyes, as bright and truthful—and her countenance as expressive of goodness and loving-kindness,—as they had ever been. She did not seem to me a day older than at our first meeting—indeed, it was impossible to consider her "old" or "aged" in any sense of the word; she had used Time so well that he returned the compliment.

The entrance-hall at Edgeworthstown was an admirable preface to the house and family; it was spacious, hung with portraits; here, a case of stuffed birds; there, another of curiosities; specimens of various kinds, models of various things, all well arranged and well kept, all capable of affording amusement or instruction; an excellent place it was for children to play in, for at every pause in their games their little minds would be led to question what they saw; a charming waiting-room, it might have been, were it not that at Edgeworthstown no one was ever kept waiting, everything was as well timed as at a railway-station. Many of this numerous family at that period had passed from time to eternity; others were absent; but there still remained a large family party. Among them were two of Miss Edgeworth's sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, and their children.

The library at Edgeworthstown is by no means the stately solitary room that libraries generally are; it is large, spacious, and lofty, well stored with books, and embellished with those most valuable of all classes of prints, the "suggestive." It is also picturesque, having been added to, and supported by pillars so as to increase its breadth, and the beautiful lawn seen through the windows, embellished and varied by clumps

by himself, and finished by his daughter. It is curious to note how many persons, unknown to themselves, have been working out ideas concerning education and other matters, which he originated, and which in many instances, were at the time he promulgated them, rejected as visionary, or, at least, impracticable. The time was not come, but he foresees it. He knew the future by his knowledge of the present and the past. His capacious mind was not content with mere speculative opinions, but when he had established a theory, he put it in practice; thus at an advanced age, which is supposed to require especial repose, he undertook the drainage of bogs, and was as anxiously engaged in absolute labour, as if he had been only five-and-twenty. His mechanical inventions have been acknowledged with due honour. Misunderstood as he occasionally was, he outlived much prejudice, and his children lived to see his memory duly honoured. His marrying Elizabeth Sneyd, after the death, and at the request of his second wife, Honora Sneyd, was at that time much opposed to the custom of our Church and of society. His fourth wife, the present Mrs. Edgeworth, was the daughter of a clergyman of the Established Church,—a lady of the highest honour and firmest Christian principles. When very young, she undertook the duty of mother to Mr. Edgeworth's twelve children, by three wives, and added six to the number, all of whom loved and honoured her; those who remain value her as she deserves.

of trees, imparts much cheerfulness to the exterior. If you look at the oblong table in the centre, you will see the rallying point of the family, who were generally grouped around it, reading, writing, or working; while Miss Edgeworth, only anxious upon one point,—that all in the house should do exactly as they liked, without reference to her,—sat in her own peculiar corner on the sofa: her desk,—upon which was Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her by him, when in Ireland,—placed before her on a little quaint, unassuming table, constructed and added to for convenience. Miss Edgeworth's abstraction, and yet power of attention to what was going on,—the one not seeming to interfere with the other,—puzzled me exceedingly. In that same corner, and upon that table, she had written nearly *all* that has enlightened and delighted the world; the novels that moved Sir Walter Scott "to do for Scotland what Miss Edgeworth had done for Ireland;" the works in which she brought the elevated sensibilities and sound morality of matured life to a level with the comprehension of childhood, and rendered knowledge, and virtue, and care, and order, the playthings and companions of the nursery;—in that spot,—and while the multitudinous family were moving about and talking of the ordinary and everyday things of life,—she remained, wrapt up, to all appearance, in her subject, yet knowing by a sort of instinct, when she was really wanted in the conversation; and then, without laying down her pen,—hardly looking up from her page,—she would, by a judicious sentence, wisely and kindly spoken, explain and illustrate, in a few words, so as to clear up any difficulty; or turn the conversation into a new and more pleasing current. She had the most harmonious way of throwing in explanations; informing, while entertaining, and that without embarrassing.

It was quite charming to see how Mr. Francis Edgeworth's children enjoyed * the freedom of the library without abusing it; to set these little people right when they were wrong, to rise from her table to fetch them a toy, or even to save a servant a journey; to run up the high steps and find a volume that escaped all eyes but her own; and having done all this, in less space of time than I have taken to write it, to hunt out the exact passage wanted or referred to—were the hourly employments of this unspoiled and admirable woman. She would then resume her pen, and continue writing, pausing sometimes to read a passage from an article or letter that pleased herself, and would please her still more if it excited the sympathy of those she loved. I expressed my astonishment at this to Mrs. Edgeworth, who said that "Marie was always the same; her mind was so rightly balanced, everything so honestly weighed, that she suffered no inconvenience from what would distract and distract an ordinary writer." Perhaps to this habit however, may be traced a want of closeness in her arguments; indeed, neither on paper or in conversation was she argumentative. She would rush at a thing at once, rendering it sparkling and interesting by her playfulness, and informing

* I have mentioned more than once the beautiful harmony in which this family lived; two of the sisters of Mrs. Honora and Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth, the Misses Sneyd, were loved and worshipped at Edgeworthstown long after their sisters' death; and when the fourth mistress of the house would have been supposed, in the usual progress of things, to have introduced a new dynasty, all went on as usual; a perfect spirit of Christian love and unity was practised, without being talked of; and it will be seen in the following extract that Miss Edgeworth spoke of Mrs. Mary Sneyd as "an aunt of ours," although she need not have acknowledged the relationship, being the child of a previous marriage!

"I forgot whether I mentioned to you that the Irish tales of 'The Follower of the Family,' pleased and delighted us peculiarly; they were some of the last works of fiction which were read to an *aunt of ours*, in very advanced age, and she enjoyed them with all the sensibility of youth, and with the fullest discrimination of their merits. These tales were read to Mrs. Mary Sneyd, in her ninetieth year, by my sister, and I think you would have been gratified by the manner in which she read these tales; I am very much of opinion that

"These best can read them, who can feel them most."

Miss Edgeworth sometimes expressed herself in the most graceful yet epigrammatic way possible:—When you and Mr. Hall return to Ireland, you will find us at home, I may almost venture to be sure, some of us certainly, and we are all *one and the same*—and *anewly one and the same* in the wish to see you."

by anecdote or illustration, and then start another subject. She spoke in eloquent sentences, and felt so truly what she said, that she made others instantly feel also.

The library contained a piano, but I never saw it opened. I fancied, or feared the family were independent of music; but Mrs. Edgeworth drew beautifully, and was a warm admirer of Art. Miss Edgeworth would have it, she knew nothing of Art; and yet her bits of criticism on certain paintings, and the kindness she showed at different times in pointing out pictures to Mr. Hall, which she thought he ought to admire—her reverting frequently to the collections she had seen at home and abroad—the pleasure she expressed at those renderings of Art, which appeared in this Journal; the interest she took in the "Vernon Gallery," led me long since to the belief that in that, as well as in other matters, she undervalued her own powers. I remember being much amused at her saying that she "liked a portrait, in the first place, to be a *good ground-plan of the face*; and if the artist had mind enough to catch the mind, so much the better." She never could be prevailed upon to sit for her portrait, but I believe the last time she was in London a Daguerreotype was obtained, though I do not know in whose possession it is.

Usually, in the morning, Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and his sister, Mrs. Wilson, occupied themselves at one end of the long table with the business of the Loan Fund established by them at Edgeworthstown; Mrs. Edgeworth, so full of tenderness and feeling, passing noiselessly in and out, intent on these domestic interests and the fulfilment of those duties which she loved—her grand-children, happy and merry, but never loud or rude, amused themselves at the windows,—while Miss Edgeworth sat in her usual corner, reading to herself, and quarrelling aloud with a French novel;* then interrupting her lamentations over the questionable morality of France, by an endeavour to make me comprehend the financial details of this Loan Fund, impressing on my mind how faithfully the people "paid up," and giving an admirable imitation of a poor woman who had come the previous week with sundry excuses and intreaties for "A little more time, ye'r honour. Sure it's the fault of the cows entirely, for the freshbutter that brought sivenpence will now only bring fivepence, and credit for that same. 'Deed, it's pay I will next week, sir." This Loan Fund lent two hundred pounds a week, and out of the profits an infant school, paying its mistress thirty pounds a year, was supported in Edgeworthstown. Then when other members of the family dropped in with their work or their writings, the progress of education was discussed, the various interests of the tenants or

the poor talked over, so that relief was granted as soon as want was known. I regretted that so much of Miss Edgeworth's mind and attention were given to local matters, but the pleasure she herself derived from the improvement of every living thing around her, was delightful to witness. I thought myself particularly good to be up and about at half-past seven in the morning; but early as it was, Miss Edgeworth had preceded me; and a table heaped with early roses, upon which the dew was still moist, and a pair of gloves, too small for any hands but hers, told who was the early florist. She was passionately fond of flowers: she liked to grow them, and to give them; one of the most loved and cherished of my garden's rosebushes, is a gift from Miss Edgeworth. There was a rose, or a little bouquet of her arranging always by each plate on the breakfast-table, and if she saw my bouquet faded, she was sure to tap at my door with a fresh one before dinner. And this from Maria Edgeworth—then between seventy and eighty!—to me!! These small attentions enter the heart and remain there, when great services and great talents are regarded perhaps like great mountaine,—distant and cold and ungenial. I linger over what I write, and yet feel I cannot pourtray her at all as I desire to do.

I enjoyed the wet days in that house far more than I did the fine ones, which we spent in the family coach—driving over the country. I fancied the long drives fatigued both Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth; at least, the after-dinner nap of the latter was much longer after visiting the lions of the neighbourhood, than when we passed the morning—part in that beloved library, part in Miss Edgeworth's own particular flower-garden,—or, sweeter still, alone with her in my own bedroom; where she would come, dear, kind, old lady! to help off a shawl, or inquire if my feet were damp after a stroll on the lawn, or if I wanted anything, and then sit down and talk of those whom she had known, but whose names were history—a history, of which, she herself, is now so grand and so dear a part.

Her extensive correspondence was not confined to any clique, any country, or any particular order of talent. She seemed to have known everybody worth knowing, and to have taken pleasure all her life in writing letters, when, as she observed, she had "anything to say." She never wearied of talking of Sir Walter Scott, and she seldom spoke of him without her eyes filling with tears. "You London people," she said, "never saw Scott as he really was; his own home and country drew him out, he was made up of thought and feeling, illuminated by a wonderful memory, and possessed of the power of adapting and illustrating everything with anecdote. Every heart and face grew bright, in the brightness of Scott." Miss Edgeworth suffered bitterly during Scott's illness; she talked much and sorrowfully about both him and Captain Basil Hall. "People will overtask themselves," she said, "in the very teeth of example; even Sir Walter knew he was destroying himself; he told me that four hours a day, at works of imagination, was enough: adding that he had wrought fourteen."

"One thing I must tell you," she exclaimed, after we had been turning over several of Sir Walter Scott's letters, "one thing I must tell you, Sir Walter Scott was almost the only literary man who never tired me; Sir James Mackintosh was a clever talker, but he tired me very much, although my sister once repeated to me seventeen things he said worth remembering one morning at breakfast."

I could not help thinking that the task of remembering "seventeen clever things" must have been great fatigue: Miss Edgeworth's col-

lection of autograph letters was by far the most interesting I ever saw, far more so than any published during the present century, and she used to bring me box after box filled with the correspondence of all the people of "her time"—a period then of more than fifty years: sometimes she would pick me out the most interesting, and then leave the collection to "amuse" me; it was not the mere chit-chat of the period, but the opinions of clever people given to clever people. I felt it a great privilege and advantage to read those letters; some few were from the leading men of her father's time to him; Sir Walter Scott's, were, I had almost said, without number; the correspondence of many years with Joanna Baillie, Miss Seward, with Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Grant; packets of foreign letters, and multitudes from America, which Miss Edgeworth said was "a letter-writing country." Many of these concerned Laura Bridgeman, about whom Miss Edgeworth was much interested; several from great statesmen and celebrated persons of all grades and kinds; but I am convinced that Miss Edgeworth had too much delicacy to suffer any eyes but her own to dwell on the private letter of a friend; for these were all, with perhaps one or two exceptions, what might be given to the public, and all full of interest. David Ricardo's letters written so many years previously concerning the state of Ireland, struck me as almost prophetic. My readers will remember that in 1842 there had been no appearance of potato disease, yet I thought his observations concerning the culture of the potato so striking that at the time I asked Miss Edgeworth's permission to use them; he questioned whether the potato was a blessing, or the contrary, to Ireland, and his opinion decidedly was *against* its being a blessing; he argued that anything cultivated to the exclusion of other things, and whose failure creates a famine, must be an evil; consequently the cultivation of the potato, to the exclusion of other things, is an evil; the experience of the past few years proves how entirely Ricardo was right."

Miss Packenham, afterwards Duchess of Wellington, was so nearly connected with the Edgeworth family that she consulted Mr. Edgeworth frequently during her husband's absence on the education of her sons. Miss Edgeworth spoke of her with great affection and tenderness; and, perhaps, there is nothing more touching in the whole history of woman's love, than that noble lady's entreaty during her last illness to be carried into the room, in which the gifts of many nations to "the duke" are deposited. "Never," said Miss Edgeworth, "had she looked so lovely to me as she did the day I saw her there. She had the palest blush on her fair cheek, and pointing round, she said, 'These are tributes paid to him by all the world, not gained by trickery or fraud.' I have never looked round the room of royal presents that beautify, though they cannot add to the attraction of Apsley House, without conjuring up the fragile lady upon the sofa, where she breathed her last, surrounded by tributes to her husband's greatness.

Mrs. Barbauld's letters were easy and kind, and I said so to Miss Edgeworth after reading them; she agreed with me, laughing while she added, "Yes, she was very kind, and at the same time not a little pragmatic and punctilious." Miss Edgeworth's honesty of thought was always present, like the fragrance of a rose, to add the sanctity of truth to the pleasure of her society. She would sit out with something that made me laugh at once, and then, while untangling another bundle of letters, exclaim, "Ay, laugh away as I did when Mr. So-or-So said it to me." She scorned to borrow a word, much less an idea, without acknowledgment. I had no patience with Mrs. Inchbald's letters; I thought her tone of patronage, to one so infinitely her superior,

* Miss Edgeworth, in a letter dated April 23rd, 1838, thus expresses herself concerning French novels:—"All the fashionable French novelists will soon be reduced to advertising for a *new vice*, instead of, like the Roman Emperor, simply for a new pleasure. It seems to be with the Parisian novelists a first principle now, that there is no pleasure without vice, and no vice without pleasure; but that the old world vices having been exhausted, they must strain their genius to invent new; and so they do, in the most wonderful and approved bad manner, if I may judge from the few specimens I have looked at—M. de Balzac, for example, who certainly is a man of genius, and as certainly, 'a *de l' esprit comme un monsieur*.' I should think that he had not the least idea of the difference between right and wrong, only that he does know the difference by his regularly preferring the *mauvais*, and crying up all the *Ladies of error*, as *Anges de tendresse*. His pathos has always, as the Anti-Jacobin so well said of certain German sentimentalists, and as the Duchess of Wellington aptly quoted to me, of a poetic genius of later days—his pathos has always

"A tear for poor guilt."

Miss "Pere Goriot," who pays the gaming debts of his daughter's lover, provides a luxuriously furnished house of assignation, bath and boudoir for one of his "mgs." daughter-sinners; and tells her he wishes he could strangle her husband for her with his own hands, having first married, and sold her to said husband for his own *vanity and purpose*! If the force of vice and folly can farther go, look for it in another of M. de Balzac's most beautifully written immoralities, "Le Messager" where the husband "gobbles" up the dinner, to the scandal of the child, while the wife is stifling in the barn, or screaming in despair for the death of her lover, which had been communicated to her by the amiable gentleman-messenger, at the moment he is dining with the husband, who knows all about it, and goes on "gobbling," while the child exclaims, "Papa, you would not eat so, if mamma was here!!!!" Dear Mrs. Hall, notes of admiration are the only notes that can follow such pictures of French nature in man, woman, or child!"

* I rejoiced beyond all telling, at the morning calling together of the household for family-worship, when Mr. Francis Edgeworth read prayers and a portion of the Scripture before breakfast: this was *never omitted*; there never was a more unfeigned calmness than that which declared that the family at Edgeworthstown put away the consolations of Christianity, or even the forms of the Protestant Church. I accompanied them on Sunday to the parish church; various members of the family are united to clergymen of the church; the Rev. Dr. Butler of Trim, the brother-in-law of Miss Edgeworth, being one of the most excellent as well as accomplished clergymen in Ireland.

* One of the greatest proofs of Miss Edgeworth's practical patriotism, is the simple fact, that with a keen relish for, and appreciation of what she considered the best, namely, the *best bred* society, combining high talent, high rank, and pure morals, with every possible temptation to spend her time and money in England, she preferred devoting herself with her family, to the local improvement of the neighbourhood of Edgeworthstown; and, when in her eightieth year, set herself the task of writing the juvenile book of "Orländ," to increase her means of utility in the hour of Ireland's extreme sorrow and famine.

so impertinent. Her stage criticisms were keen and clever, and perhaps just; but theatrical people are, above all other artists, the victims of opinion, and a fool is more ready than a wise man, to record what he pretends to *think*. One letter, I remember, made me very indignant; it was written soon after the publication of Miss Edgeworth's novel of "Ormond," and dear Miss Edgeworth only said, "Well, she thought it!" I do believe she would have borne anything for the sake of sincerity. Her whole life was a lesson of truth, and yet her truths never offended; she took the rough edge off an opinion with so tender and skilful a hand, she was so much fonder of wiling you into a virtue than exciting terror at a vice; so steadfast yet so gentle, that whenever she left the room, there was something wanting, a joy departed, a light gone out.

She had a vivid perception of the ridiculous, but that was kept in admirable order by her benevolence. Her eyes and mouth would often smile, when she restrained an observation, which, if it had found words, would have amused us, while it perhaps pained others; and yet she had the happiest manner of saying things, drawing a picture with a few words, as a great artist produces a likeness with a few touches of his pencil. I remember Cuvier excited my admiration very much, during one of our visits to Paris; I saw him frequently in society, and his magnificent head captivated my imagination. "Yes," said Miss Edgeworth, "he is indeed a wonder, but he has been an example of the folly of literary and scientific men being taken out of their sphere; Cuvier was more vain of his bad speeches in the Chamber of Peers, than he was of his vast reputation as a naturalist."

I never knew any one so ready to give information; her mind was generous in every sense of the word, in small things as well as in large; she gave away all the duplicates of her shells—"One is enough," she would say, "I must keep that out of compliment to the giver." She was not reserved in speaking of her literary labours, but she never volunteered speaking of them or of herself; she never seemed to be in her own head, as it were—much less in her own heart: she loved herself, thought of herself, cared for herself, infinitely less than she did for those around her. Naturally anxious to know everything connected with her habits of thought and writing—I often reverted to her books, which she said I remembered a great deal better than she did herself. When she saw that I really enjoyed talking about them, she spoke of them with her usual frankness. I told her I observed that she spoke to children as she wrote for them, and she said it was so; and she believed that having been so much with children, had taught her to think for them. I have no doubt that the succession of children in the Edgeworth family, kept alive her interest in childhood; those who withdraw from the society of youth, when they themselves are no longer young, turn away from the greenness and freshness of existence; it is as if winter made no preparation for, and had no desire to be succeeded by spring.

While seeing the little weaknesses of humanity, clearly and truly, she avoided dwelling upon them, and could not bear to inflict pain: "People," she said, "see matters so differently that the very thing I should be most proud of makes others blush with shame; Wedgewood carried the 'hod' of mortar in his youth, but his family objected to that fact being stated in 'Harry and Lucy'."

I once asked her how long she took to write a novel. She replied, she had generally taken ample time; she had written "Ormond" in three months; "but that," she added, "was at my father's command; I read to him at night what I wrote by day, and I never heard of the book, nor could I think of it, after his death, until my sister, two years after, read it me; then it was quite forgotten." She had a great veneration for Father Mathew, and said Mr. Hall did himself honour by being the first Protestant, and the first Conservative, who advocated his cause in print: "What authors say goes for nothing," she observed; "it is what they write they should be judged by: now he wrote the praise, and printed it; but," she continued, "the absence of

humour in the modern peasantry, which you observe, is not to be altogether attributed to the want of whiskey; the people had grown reserved before Father Mathew came among them; they imagine they have a part to play in the organisation of their country; their heads are fuller of politics than fun; in fact they have been drilled into thinking about what they cannot understand, and so have become reserved and suspicious—that is, to what they used to be." Her affection for Ireland was, if I may be allowed the term, philosophic: she saw clearly the perfections and the faults of the people: she admired the one and knew the remedy for the other; her devotion to the country was not blind, but it was earnest, patient, and of working, as well as thinking power, without the cant which has been the bane of one party, and the bigotry that has blinded the other; her religious and political faith were alike CHRISTIAN, in the most extended sense of that holy word.

These extended views and enlarged sympathies were beyond the comprehension of many; but even the squirearchy, who, I have heard, were enraged at the publication of "Castle Rackrent," and the ladies, who fancied the picture of Mrs. O'Rafferty, in "The Absentee," an insult to the "ladies" of Dublin, forgave her for the sweet sake of "Gracey Nowlan," and the exquisite fidelity of "Old Thady."†

I remember saying to her, how happy it was for Ireland that she had overcome every religious prejudice.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I never had religious prejudices to overcome, so I deserve no praise for being without them." Miss Edgeworth never wrote that other people might practise, but she wrote what her and hers practised daily; it was evident from the children being constantly with the family, that they still held by the opinion that intercourse between children and servants is injurious to the former. "We believe in it," said Miss Edgeworth; "but I have long learned how very impossible it is for others to practise it. My father made it easy; for not only his wife, but his children, knew all his affairs. Whatever business he had to do was done in the midst of his family, usually in the common sitting-room; so that we were intimately acquainted, not only with his general principles of conduct, but with the most minute details of their every-day application."

* On returning to Dublin from Edgeworthstown I was convinced of the truth of this observation: while waiting for change of horses at Maynooth, the carriage was, as usual, surrounded by beggars, one after another; they begged for everything they could think of. "A little sixpence, yer honour, just for the honour of Old Ireland and good luck;" "It's only the half of that, or a fourpenny bit, I'd be axing, that you mightn't dirty yer glove with them mahn ha'pence;" "Maybe ye'd have a bit of bread, or anything, to stop the hunger of the children, my lady;" and, at last, when the horses were about to start, an old crone exclaimed, "Ah, then leave us the bit of a newspaper itself, to amuse us whin ye're gone!"

† On looking back to Miss Edgeworth's letters (all of which are dated) I find in one, bearing date April 8, 1832, these few remarks about Ireland, which apply to the present as well as the past:—"I fear we have much to go through in this country before we come to quiet, settled life, and a ready obedience to the laws. There is literally no rein of law at this moment to hold the Irish; and through the whole country, there is what I cannot justly call a spirit of anarchy, but a spirit of revolution, under the name of reform; a restless desire to overthrow what is, and a hope, more than a hope, an expectation, of gaining liberty and wealth, or both, in the struggle; and if they do gain either, they will lose both again, and be worse off than ever—they will afterwards quarrel amongst themselves, destroy one another, and be again enslaved with heavier chains. I am and have been all my life, a sincere friend to moderate measures, as long as reason can be heard; but there comes a time, at the actual commencement of uproar when reason cannot be heard, and when the ultimate law of force must be resorted to, to prevent greater evils—that time was lost in the beginning of the French Revolution—I hope it may not now be lost in Ireland. It is scarcely possible that this country can now be tranquillised without military force to re-establish law; the people must be made to obey the laws, or they cannot be ruled after any concessions. Nor will the mob be able to rule if they got all they desire; they would only tear each other to pieces, and die drunk or famish soon. The misfortune of this country has been, that England has always yielded to *clémence* what should have been granted to *justice*." With such sentiments, founded on what Miss Edgeworth states in the "Memoirs of her Father" to have been the result of observation and a companionship with him, from the time of his settling on his estate at Edgeworthstown in 1789, until the time of his death, a period of nearly five-and-thirty years, no wonder that the grand agitator of Ireland so frequently regretted that Maria Edgeworth "could not be tempted to advocate repeal."

Of this habit she spoke with the warmest feelings of approbation and gratitude, and it produced a rich fruitage. Mr. Edgeworth's daughter Honora, if she had lived, would have perhaps rivalled Maria in literary composition; and each of the family I have met was possessed of varied but most remarkable and well-developed qualities. It is quite impossible to recall Edgeworthstown without recalling the memory of its *founder*, as Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth may be considered, though he was preceded by many rich in talent and high in station. While staying there, even I, as a stranger, felt what I may call "his presence" every where. She, of whom I write, had sat beneath his shadow while she laboured, and imbibed much of his combined philosophy and activity; and the daughters of his house were as remarkable for their strength and powers of mind, as for the beautiful womanliness of character, of which Maria Edgeworth was the perfection.

Miss Edgeworth said, it was in 1778 that Mrs. Honora Edgeworth, while teaching her first child to read, found the want of something to follow Mrs. Barbauld's lessons, and felt the difficulty of explaining the language of the books for children which were then in use. She imparted this difficulty to her husband, and they commenced for their own children the first part of "Harry and Lucy," or of "Practical Education," as I saw it called, on the title-page of one of the first copies, printed literally for *their own children*. Mr. Edgeworth intended to have carried on the history of Harry and Lucy through every stage of childhood; to have diffused through an interesting story the first principles of morality, with some of the elements of science and literature, so as to show parents how these may be taught, without wearying the pupil's attention. No writer of eminence, except Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld, had at that time condescended to write for children. How many have since rushed into so popular and lucrative a track, the multitude of juvenile books supply evidence; but we may readily confess how much we have all fallen short of our great originator. It is curious to remember that Mr. Day, one of Mr. Edgeworth's oldest friends, designed "Sandford and Merton," as a short story to be inserted in "Harry and Lucy." The illness of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth interrupted the progress of that volume; "and after her death," Miss Edgeworth said, "her father could not bear to continue it." Thus "Harry and Lucy" remained for more than twenty years with the first part printed, but not published. It was then given Maria Edgeworth for a part of "Early Lessons." Long as Mr. Edgeworth had been dead, he was constantly referred to by his family, as if he had only left the room, in the simplest and most touching manner; but when Miss Edgeworth spoke of him for any length of time, her eyes would fill with tears. His mind was so inventive, that nothing seemed new at Edgeworthstown. He appears to have anticipated all modern improvements; "and yet," said Miss Edgeworth, "all his literary ambition, then and ever, was for me!"

As the interdict will prevent Miss Edgeworth

* "After 'Practical Education,' the next book which we published in partnership was in 1803, the 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' the first design of this essay was his; under the semblance of attack he wished to show the English public the eloquence, wit, and talents of the lower classes of people in Ireland. Working zealously upon the ideas which he suggested, sometimes what was spoken by him was afterwards written by me; or when I wrote my first thoughts, they were corrected and improved by him." This I quote from Miss Edgeworth's Life of her father, where her truthfulness flashes over and anon, like diamonds in a rich setting—oh, how bright and beautiful it is! what a halo it sheds around her memory! On this same page, she says again, "All passages in which there are Latin quotations, or classical allusions, must be his exclusively, because I am entirely ignorant of the learned languages. What a reproof is this to lady-authors, who hunt out 'learned quotations,' that they may seem learned; in truth, justice, and generosity, she was without parallel. I could quote page after page of praise of contemporary novelists from her letters, which show her mental generosity,—and this is the true test of generosity, to praise the excellence that illuminates our own path: the musician will praise the poet without a pang of envy, the poet the musician; but let musician praise musician, and poet poet, and painter painter, and author author,—that is the test by which a reputation for genuine generosity ought to stand or fall.

worth's family from publishing her life and correspondence, I cannot but think that a new edition of her father's life, produced in a popular form, would be of the greatest value to all classes of the community; the second volume, written by Miss Edgeworth, is so unaffectedly *herself*, while she seeks to illustrate the character of her beloved father, that it should find a place on every table, and be of decided advantage to parents in training their children. I remember once her detailing to me the plot of a novel she intended writing, and telling me at the same time that she had destroyed seven hundred pages of a manuscript, because she did not think it good enough to publish. I remember how I regretted this, and found consolation in the hope that one day or other the publication of her letters would atone for the loss. I knew that she was incapable of keeping "a journal"—a "private" journal,—intended, from the first page to the last, for the public; and that she was too honourable to *keep* letters which ought to be destroyed when read, but it seems like casting gold into a grave to destroy a line that she has left!

Some of the "unco good" have complained of what they call the want of *religious*, but what I should rather call *sectarian*, instruction, in Miss Edgeworth's juvenile works. "We wrote," she said to me, "for every sect, and did not, nor do I now, think it right, to introduce the awful idea of God's superintendence upon puerile occasions. I hold religion in a more exalted view than as a subject of perpetual outward exhibition. Many dignitaries of the established church honoured my father by their esteem and private friendship; this could not have been, had they believed him to be either an open or concealed enemy to *Christianity*." Certainly, as a magistrate, as a member of the Board of Education, as a member of parliament, Mr. Edgeworth had public opportunities of recording his opinions; and there is no trace, that I could ever discover, of his desiring to found a system of morality exclusive of religion. Unfortunately, in Ireland, if you are not,—I do not like the word, but I can find no other,—*bigotted*, to one or the other Party, you are marked and stigmatised as irreligious—or worse—by both.

I do not design to write a panegyric. Miss Edgeworth's own works will suffice for that; they are imperishable monuments of her usefulness and her "good will," especially towards the country of her adoption and towards children. But even after a visit to Edgeworthstown, where a natural habit of observation, as well as a desire to read her rightly, made me more than usually awake to every word and every passing incident—bright days of rambling and sunshine, and dark days of rain and conversation with her and hers—seeing her thus away from the meretricious glare and false lights of London society, where I had first met her—in the trying seclusion of a country-house, in the midst of a most mingled family—where her father's last wife was many years younger than herself, and the half foreign children and foreign wife of her youngest brother, rendered the mingling still more extraordinary—recalling all seen and known of other families,

* It seems, and perhaps is selfish, in this truly public calamity of Miss Edgeworth's death, to dwell on my own bitter feelings at her loss. Her friendship and sympathy were as alive at eighty-two, as if she had been in what is called "the prime of life." Her praise had cheered, and her criticism guided me on my way. Public approbation is necessary to an author's living; but her sympathy and kindness seemed necessary to my literary fame. If "The Sketches of Irish Character" won her first attention, every thing I since published seemed to freshen our correspondence; and I so grieve that she can never see the result of much she suggested in what I have been some time writing. Proud as I am of many of her letters, they relate so almost entirely to ourselves that I feel it would be egotism to publish them. Whenever a passage occurred in her letter, or indeed in any letter I wish to preserve that ought to be secret, I am not content with redacting the letter and putting it by, *I cut out and destroy the passage*. This I consider it only honest to do, for we have no right to trust for a moment to others here or hereafter, what is trusted only to ourselves. I am certain that it is the excess (if I may so call it) of this moral honesty which urged Miss Edgeworth's determination that her correspondence should not be published. I believe she intended to "cut it" to revise it herself, but as this was not done, she preferred consigning the whole to oblivion, rather than to running the risk of any feelings being wounded, or opinions intended only for her own eyes being sent abroad to the world.

where children of the same parents too seldom live together in unity—I remember nothing that at this distance of time does not excite my admiration and increase my affection for this admirable woman, combining in her small self whatever we believe to be most deserving of praise in her sex. She was a literary woman, without vanity, affectation, or jealousy—a very sunbeam of light, in a home rendered historic by her genius—a perfect woman in her attention to those little offices of love and kindness which sanctify domestic life; a patriot, but not a politician—the champion of a country's virtues, without being blind either to its follies or its crimes. Honoured wherever her name was heard during half a century of literary industry—idolised by a family composed as I have said of many members under one roof, yet tuned into matchless harmony by admirable management and right affection;—this woman so loved, so honoured, so cherished to the very last, was entirely unselfish. I have said this before, and repeating it cannot give strength to the fact; but I have so often felt benefit from her example and the consideration of her virtues, that I desire others, especially the young of my own sex, to do the same. During her last visit to London, I still thought her unchanced; like Scott, she was not seen to the same advantage in London crowds, as amid the home circle at Edgeworthstown. Our last meeting was at her beloved sister's, Mrs. Wilson, in North Audley Street. She was there the centre of attraction amongst those of the highest standing in literature; the hot room and the presentations wearied her, and so her anxious sister thought; but she again, like Scott, was the gentlest of lions, and suffered to admiration. When I was going, she pressed my hand and whispered, "we will make up for this at Edgeworthstown." I certainly did not think I should see her no more in this world. I have imagined the half hour of her illness in that now desolate monument of so much that was great and good; a brother and sister—the brother nearly half a century younger than Maria Edgeworth—who were there when we were at Edgeworthstown, had been called away before her. The widow of her father, and the widow of her tenderly-loved brother knew that she had written a note to Dr. Marsh complaining of not being as well as usual; yet had felt little alarm. In less than half an hour after this letter was written, Mrs. Edgeworth went into Miss Edgeworth's bed-room—the little room that overlooked her flower-garden—stood by her bedside, became alarmed; and passing her arm under her head, turned it on her shoulder, so as to raise her up. After the lapse of a few minutes, she felt neither motion nor breath; and it was only the form of her long cherished and beloved friend that she pressed to her bosom. She died in her eighty-third year, it may be truly said full of years and honours.†

* It would seem that the family of Edgeworth were as united in 1844, when I visited them, as in 1790, when Mr. Edgeworth, in a letter to Doctor Darwin, wrote the following passage:—"I do not think one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt."

† I honoured her birthday as I do my mother's, and managed she should receive the letter of congratulation, to which this is a reply, the 1st of last January, the day she completed her eighty-second birthday. It shows how bright and kind she was ever, and to the last:—

"My dear Mrs. Hall,—Your cordial warm-hearted note, was the very pleasantest I received on my birthday, except those from my own family.

"I am truly obliged to you for it, and quite touched by your kind remembrance.

"Mrs. Edgeworth felt it as I do, and so did a sister of mine, whom you do not know, but whom you would like very much if you did know her, Mrs. Butler—the Harriet Edgeworth—justly described in Sir Walter Scott's letters.

"I hope you and Mr. Hall will revisit Ireland one of these days, and that you will make your way again to Edgeworthstown. You must not delay long if you mean to see me again; remember, you have just congratulated me on my eighty-second birthday.

"I wish you would be so very kind as to give me as a birthday present yours and Mr. Hall's third volume of 'Ireland.' I have only one number of it, that which cost you so much thought and care to word; and which gratified me and my family so much, from the manner you mentioned us, saying nothing we could wish unsaid.

"I am ashamed to beg this volume from you, but I do so wish to have it from the kind author, that I cannot refrain from making this request. If there be any of mine that you would accept, or if your dear little girl

I, who knew HER so long and so well, who have lived in the house of happiness with THEM, can hardly imagine, much less describe, the lonely blank that is left—more particularly in the heart of the venerable lady, who must now feel the want of object, the want of counsel, the want of sympathy—the want of one who filled her thoughts from morning till night, either to share her sorrows or enjoyments, and make up by unceasing love and pity, the one for the other, the heavy losses they both sustained, particularly within the last few years, by the death of Mrs. Edgeworth's beloved children—almost, if not quite, as dear to the one as to the other; but I can picture the mourning village when she was carried within that church, and laid in her father's tomb, beneath the shadow of the spire, which tells of his invention and perseverance, as well as his desire to add to the beauty of the Christian church of his own parish—I can fancy the wail of the weeping children of the schools, and the utter desolation which reigns in that once cheerful library. All that relates to this honoured and honourable family, is becoming matter of history; and in a short space of time, hundreds who have learned all the good that books can teach from those imperishable monuments of Maria Edgeworth's zeal and industry in every good cause, will make pilgrimages to her shrine,—the *neutral ground* of Ireland,—where all may worship, without idolatry, the *essence* of as pure, as high a nature, as ever ascended in the spirit of faith to the throne of the Supreme.

THE FRENCH IN ITALY.

THE *Art-Journal*, although not a paper which takes a part in political dissensions, may yet unite with others in protesting against the proceedings of the French, who are now assailing the capital of the Arts, and whose operations must inevitably lead to the destruction of monuments of Art, in the preservation of which all Europe is interested.

Allow me to point to the probable results of late operations, and every artist, every civilised being, must regard with indignation the consequences of the disastrous policy of France. The French have approached Rome by the Via Aurelia, which enters the city by the Porta S. Pancrasio, the central gate of that long line of alternate curtains and bastions which crown the highest ridge of the Janiculum, and stretch at right angles to the Tiber, from that river to the fortifications which encircle St. Peter's and the Vatican. Within these lofty defences the ground slopes steeply to the Tiber, and whilst about two-thirds of it consists of garden and vineyard, that portion next the river is covered with the churches, palaces, and houses of the district of Trastevere. The entire circuit of this district of Rome is four miles and a half; the artist connects this district with his recollections of the Farnesina and its frescoes by Raphael, Volterra, and Razzi; of the Corsini palace, and its noble gallery of San Pietro in Montorio, and the famous picture of Sebastian del Piombo; of the church of S. Maria, in Trastevere; of the Fontana Paolina; the Villa Lante, designed and decorated by Julio Romano, St. Onofrio, and many other monuments whose preservation is of the highest importance to the Arts, but which are now placed in danger by the unjustifiable aggression of the French. Europe may yet have to mourn the consequences of an ill-directed shell obliterating the frescoes of the Farnesina, or carrying destruction into the galleries of the Corsini.

It would occupy too much of your space to specify all the treasures of Art which this district of

would like to have a set of my little books, just now re-published, let me know, and I will have them sent to you."

My "little girl" rejoiced as much at this prospect as I should have done at her age; but the following little circumstance marks the charming mind of the giver. The books came from the London publisher's, but Miss Edgeworth had enclosed him, written with her own hand, on slips of paper, "To Mrs. S. C. Hall's dear good little girl. From Maria Edgeworth, in her eighty-third year." And these were carefully pasted, by her direction, in each volume. In the same letter, the last but one I received from her, she asks, in a postscript, "who translated Mademoiselle de Montpensier's Memoirs lately, and what proof of their authenticity? I believe I must write to Paris to get an answer satisfactory to this last question. The translation (?) reads like an original." She was so actively alive to whatever was going on.

Rome contains, and which are now exposed to danger. Beyond the gate of S. Pancrazio, by which the French seek to enter Rome, we find, to the right of the Via Aurelia, the Villa Cristaldi, next the Villa Corsini, built from the designs of Salvi, and ruined, as it appears by the accounts in the *Times*; beyond the Corsini is the church of S. Pancrazio, whose foundation is said to date from A.D. 272; although the present church is a much more modern erection, still its destruction or injury must be regarded with regret by every civilised being; nearly opposite is the famous Villa Pamphilii Doria, probably the most beautiful villa in the world; the Bel-respiro, as it is justly called, with its unrivalled views of St. Peter's, and of the Campagna, its beauties of Nature and Art. This villa, desecrated as it is by the foot of the intruder, must now present a sad scene: nowhere in the environs of the Eternal City could the man of taste and refinement find more pleasing sources of pure enjoyment than in the delicious glades of this beautiful villa; about six miles in circuit, the grounds present varied scenes of wood and meadow, or of formal old magnificence in its long and broad alleys, its magnificent terraces, its fountains, water-falls, and sheets of water, statues, vases, columns, flights of steps, and balustrades, which meet the eye at every turn. Nor must I forget the magnificent stately pines, the ilexes, and the cypresses, which are, perhaps we may be called upon to say *secre*, the glory of this villa, and the admiration of all artists and visitors: the Casino was built from designs by Algardi, it is decorated with pilasters, statues, busts, and reliefs, and contains precious works of Art. Now turn we to the preparations for the defence of this villa; how many of its noble trees may have been cut down, and its works of Art thrown down to form barricades? Turn to the description in the *Times* of the assault, it was taken, retaken, and again assailed, and, when in possession of the French, it was battered by cannon fired from the walls of Rome, and what must necessarily have been the results? its soil stained by the blood of nearly two thousand men, and cumbered with the corpses of invalids and children of the soil. And thus desecrated, may we not fear that its edifices are ruined, its works of Art broken and cast down, its noble pines overthrown? and that thus the most magnificent villa of Rome—the noble monument of an age of grand ideas—is lost to the world, destroyed by a people who term themselves the leaders of civilisation. It appears to me impossible to doubt that such must have been the disastrous results of this conflict; but if they have not been so extensive, if a few works of Art only have been broken and defaced—a part only of those beauties of nature which a century cannot replace—have been injured; still the civilised world may justly complain, and we are called upon to cry out against such acts, as an offence not merely to Rome and the Romans, but to civilisation. Let us protest against this destruction of monuments which are the glory of the past, which delight and enlighten the present, and which it is a sacred duty to preserve and transmit to the future.

C. H. W.

GLASGOW, June 16, 1849.

BAZAAR IN AID OF THE FUNDS
OF THE AGED GOVERNESSES' ASYLUM AT
KENTISH TOWN.

A sharp easterly wind, diversified by smart showers and a few claps of thunder, prevented some of the *élite*, who promised to attend the sale for the benefit of this admirable institution, from ascertaining where Kentish Town actually is. A sufficient number however were there to pay the necessary outlay for pavilions, bands of music, and all incidental expenses, and add 500*l.* to the treasury. This is a small sum indeed compared to that collected at Chelsea last year; but the great object of the committee was to show the *Asylum* to the public, in full reliance that when once seen, and its practice and principle perfectly understood, there will be no lack of patronage. In every respect the *Asylum* fulfils the promises made at its commencement. Nothing can exceed the convenience and comfort of the building; the beauty and taste of the architecture does honour to Mr. Wyatt, and the internal arrangements prove how hard and with what judgment Mrs. Laing, and the ladies engaged with her in the good cause, must have

worked to get all things so suited to the infirmities of age, that every comfort seems combined in the little bed rooms, one of which becomes the province of each old lady admitted into the *Asylum*. There are also two noble rooms appropriated as dining and drawing-rooms, and as the funds increase the building can be enlarged to almost any extent.

The sale was abundantly supplied, but rather with a *redundancy* of old than an assortment of new articles. Several ladies of rank and influence were not deterred by the locality from presiding at the stalls; and the juvenile Highland Band that was so gratified by the approbation of Miss Lind last year, at the Bazaar at Chelsea, would have won increased applause from her this year had she been present, for they are wonderfully improved, not only in precision, but in expression. All public fêtes should employ these young musicians, who add so much to the pictorial effect of the scene, and belong to so admirable an Institution as the Caledonian *Asylum*; and those who do, could not better employ their funds than by returning the obligation in the form of a donation to so meritorious an Institution, one occupied in the protection and teaching of habits of good order and enduring industry.

It is a pleasant duty to state that Mr. Herbert Minton has contributed most generously to the Aged Governesses' *Asylum*, in various ways; the passages are all composed of encaustic pavement, given by him and laid at his expense; and he has presented various china services made expressly for the *Asylum*; all in perfect taste. Mr. Avery furnished the windows with blinds; and Mr. Radcliffe, of Birmingham, intimated his intention of presenting a handsome chandelier, to be hung in the drawing-room. We regretted to observe that even persons of wealth and influence were not inclined to purchase unless they could obtain "bargains." This is reversing the order of *bazaar things*. Ladies invariably mark their "goods" a little higher than "the shops," under the idea that their customers will bear in mind that the sale is for charity; but in this instance too many of the fair bargainers endeavoured to obtain what they desired at absolutely less than the cost of the material of which the article was composed.

The happy ceremony of introducing the aged ladies into the *Asylum*, which was to have been performed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, was, in his lamented absence, undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Laing, who delivered a very suitable address on the occasion. One little incident occurred during the day, which proved the utility of the *Asylum* more than any eloquence could do. An old lady introduced herself to Mr. Laing, with the simple statement that she had been a governess for a long term of years, had saved a little more than 500*l.*, was quite alone in the world, without friends or kindred; that in lodgings the interest of her money just kept her from starvation, and if, on inquiry, the committee considered her eligible, she would purchase with 500*l.* a presentation, and present herself.

Her Majesty graciously sent a donation of 50*l.*

SONNET.

THE NYMPH OF THE WATERFALL.
ENGRAVED IN THE ART-JOURNAL.

INNOCENT as the diamond drops which flow
In playful sparkles from the rocky spring;
A lovely, gentle, unassuming thing,
With soul transparent as the brook below.
Oh, happy thou! If thou shouldst never know
Aught past the circle of thy cottage home,
And not a wish should tempt thy heart to roam
To scenes which glitter, but can ne'er bestow
Pure peace and happiness, but rather woe.
Anxiety, and care, and thou shouldst find,
Thinking on youth's dear home-scenes left
behind,
That thou hadst changed the substance for the show.
Lovely retirement! How could I be blest
In such a place, and with a heart at rest!
Homerton.

JAMES EDMESTON.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

"THE VERNON TESTIMONIAL!"—The history of this abandoned project is somewhat curious and not a little instructive. It will be remembered that several months ago it was suggested through our columns, that in order to perpetuate the memory of Mr. Vernon's gift to the nation, a sum of money should be raised and a medal be struck to be annually presented to a meritorious student, through the President of the Royal Academy. The idea originated with Mr. Dominic Colnaghi, who requested us to ascertain the feeling of Mr. Vernon on the subject. This we did, and obtained his sanction to the plan on the ground that he could object to no arrangement by which the interests of British Art might be promoted. We stated so much in our Journal; and almost immediately afterwards we found that a committee had been appointed, chiefly, we believe, by Mr. Vernon's medical attendant, Mr. Pettigrew. It consisted of some seven or eight noblemen and gentlemen, from whom exertions in raising funds were not to be expected; some half-a-dozen gentlemen who were, we believe, personal friends of Mr. Vernon, and about fourteen members of the Royal Academy. The list carried with it conviction that the project would end in nothing. The result has been a melancholy failure; and it is now sought to sustain a charge of ingratitude and apathy against the profession and the public. Against any such conclusion we enter our protest. The object was not to have been achieved by a mere announcement that it was in contemplation. In this busy world where so many matters occupy men's thoughts and press upon their time and energies while demanding their monies, no work can be accomplished without some labour. Had a committee been formed with a view to practical working, the required sum would have been obtained; but it should have consisted of other members to represent the public on the one hand and the profession on the other. We throw the whole responsibility of failure upon those by whom the committee was nominated, and deeply deplore that their mistake should have been so fatal in its consequences. A meeting was held on Friday, the 15th of June (at which unfortunately illness prevented our attending), for the purpose of receiving a report. A few persons (about twelve) only were in attendance, and of these we learn only three were artists.

A statement having been made that the amount subscribed was about 300*l.*, of which only 191*l.* had been actually paid, which sum must be further reduced by a deduction of 40*l.* for advertising, it was moved and seconded by Mr. Vernon's two medical attendants—Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Hammerton—

"That, as the amount subscribed was insufficient to carry out the object of a 'Vernon Medal,' a bust of Mr. Vernon should be procured and placed on an appropriately inscribed pedestal in the Vernon Gallery."

A somewhat warm discussion ensued, when an amendment was moved by S. Hart, R.A., and seconded by David Roberts, Esq., R.A.,

"That, inasmuch as many of the subscribers had subscribed for a given object, viz. the 'Vernon Medal,' and this had failed, it would be irregular to devote the money received to any other purpose; and that therefore the whole matter should be allowed quietly to drop, and the several subscriptions returned to the parties, deducting a per centage for the expenses."

After a discussion, the original motion was carried by a majority of seven, with the addendum, "that any member dissenting should receive back his subscription."

This is, indeed, a melancholy issue. We presume that even the bust will be abandoned; for unless Mr. Behnes, to whom it was to have been consigned, will do the work as one of charity, a sum of 151*l.* (even if no one will reclaim his subscription,) will scarcely suffice to pay for it. It may be, however, that Messrs. Hart and Roberts are premature in considering the project of a medal to have failed. It has surely failed under the then existing arrangements; but it by no means follows that the object—which we know to have been most agreeable to Mr. Vernon—may not yet be achieved. It is, notwithstanding, very deplorable to find that the artists generally held back from any efforts to promote

the subscription. In the printed list we find the names of only nine artists and two architects. Of the artists, seven of the nine are members of the Royal Academy; but this is a very poor division of the body, while no other society is represented by a single subscriber.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The Report has not yet been printed; any observations upon the inquiry would be, therefore, premature. Rumours of various kinds are in circulation; one affirms that the three masters are to have it all their own way, to be their own directors and controllers, the country to be only their paymasters. Another rumour is still more preposterous; that a party who has been for two or three years successfully labouring to prove his own incompetency as to all matters appertaining to design, is to obtain a permanent place in the direction.

Another rumour, scarcely less absurd, is that no change whatever is to take place in the arrangement. We abide the issue. It will be, of course, our duty next month to deal with the subject at length; endeavouring to show that while on the one hand the Institution is easily capable of improvement, and ought to be improved, it would be little short of madness so to alter its character and constitution as to destroy it for all practical purposes. Our study should be to keep all that is good, to remove that which is evil; but to be as deaf to those who would do nothing, as to those who would work to destroy.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, since the commencement of the new buildings and fittings in 1828, has cost £96,995; and the estimate for what is wanted to complete the work is £6,500; total, £53,495.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.—Rumours for some time past have reached us respecting the affairs of this Society, which appears on the brink of utter annihilation, if it be not already extinct. We have long felt assured, from the want of unanimity among the members, and the general mismanagement which has characterised its proceedings, that such a result could not be very far distant; the hour of dissolution (for the present at least) has now come, without, as we can see, any prospect of its resuscitation, although there is some talk of its being entirely re-modelled. The rooms held in Great Marlborough Street have been given up, and the furniture sold to pay arrears of rent. This, we presume to say, is highly discreditable to the Society, for whatever antagonistic opinions may have prevailed among the subscribers, the credit of the collective body required that, at almost any pecuniary sacrifice, the solvency of the Institute should have been maintained. It is of little use now to inquire into the reasons which have hastened this untoward event, but we feel bound to say that we have, on several occasions, received letters of complaint against one of the principal officers of the Society, founded chiefly on his want of courtesy, his dictatorial behaviour, and his determination to act on his own suggestions, rather than on the recommendations and resolutions of the executive and responsible body. We cannot, of course, either gainsay or confirm the truth of these allegations; they may be, perhaps, altogether false, or at least much exaggerated; still it is our duty to report what has reached us.

GOVERNMENT SUPPLIES CONNECTED WITH ART.—The House of Commons in Committee of Supply on the first of last month, agreed to the following votes:—10,000*l.* for the School of Design; 300*l.* for the Royal Hibernian Academy; 36,288*l.* for the new buildings of the British Museum; 1500*l.* to the Trustees of the British Museum for antiquities; 2800*l.* for completing the pedestal of the Nelson Column; and 1500*l.* for the National Gallery. In answer to a question from Sir W. Jolliffe, as to whether it was the intention of Government "to make any addition to the latter building in order to provide room for the valuable pictures that had lately been presented to the country," the Chancellor of the Exchequer "feared he would hardly be justified in proposing any additional sum for that purpose in the present circumstances of the country. He quite agreed with the hon. baronet as to providing proper accommodation, but under the present

circumstances, the Government did not feel itself justified in proposing any additional expense." Thus, then, all hope of the Vernon Collection being somewhat worthily located must be postponed for another year; but under what a wretchedly paltry excuse does the minister shelter himself for the parsimony of a Government which could not bring forward any portion of a grant for an object wherein the meanest subject of the realm has a personal interest, and yet, a night or two after, proposed and carried a vote for 10,000*l.* towards defraying the expense of rebuilding the British ambassador's house at Constantinople, the completion of which, Lord Palmerston asserted, would cost *forty thousand pounds*. Does Sir C. Wood suppose for one moment, that the most thrifty economist in the house would have withheld his assent to a similar grant for enlarging the National Gallery, had the Government asked for it? But the truth is, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is mentally unable to appreciate the arts of his country, and therefore has no desire to promote their interests. That which would tend to elevate the people in the scale of civilisation, and add to their enjoyments, finds no sympathy with one educated in a school where such doctrines find neither teachers nor disciples. Truly, all connected with this bequest, in so far as the donor is concerned, is a reproach to England; he is gone down to his grave unthanked and unhonoured while living; and with no other record of his munificent act, than the monument he himself raised for the admiration for his fellow-countrymen. Thus we have no right to expect the example of Mr. Vernon will be soon followed; however disinterested true patriotism is, it looks for some equivalent. Curtius would scarcely have leaped into the gulf, had he felt assured that his name would have been forgotten so soon as the chasm closed over him.

THE ROYAL ETCHINGS.—This matter, which we thought had been finally settled, has again occupied the attention of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, the Solicitor-General praying, "that the temporary injunction might be made perpetual against the defendants Strange and Judge; and that the catalogues and the copies of the etchings might be delivered up to be destroyed." The counsel for Prince Albert, thinking that Mr. Strange had been misled in the matter, forbore to press further proceedings against this defendant; but with respect to the other, Judge, it was deemed necessary to make the present application. Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, in delivering judgment, strongly censured the conduct pursued by Judge from first to last; affirming that "his case had been one of entire and undissembled dishonesty. It would be a slur on jurisprudence, an insult to the administration of justice in this country, if such a breach of trust, to use the mildest phrase, should be without a remedy. The prohibition under which the defendant laboured must be continued, and a further order made for the delivery of the etchings." Costs also were given against him, "for," said the Vice-Chancellor, "his case seems to me to fail alike in law, equity, truth, and common honesty." This is strong language, but perfectly true and just. The whole affair is an impudent piece of knavery; the more censurable because unblushingly persevered in.

ARTISTS' AMICABLE FUND.—The annual dinner of the members of this Society took place on the 29th of May, and was very fully attended. The Institution is conducted upon the principles of a life assurance company, jointly with those of a benefit society; that is, it affords relief to sick members, and to the families of those deceased. It differs from the Artists' Annuity Fund in one great point; the latter requiring high artistic qualification for membership, while the Amicable Fund only demands that the candidate should be of good character, and either practising the profession, or educating for it, and be recommended by some known artist. Unlike the other, too, it is entirely independent of extraneous assistance, and must not be regarded as a charity. These circumstances cause the Society to be highly popular with a large class of artists. According to the report read after dinner, it appears that although established but ten years, this fund has, at the present time, 144 members.

During the period of its existence, it has paid for relief to the sick 1706*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.*; and, consequent upon deaths, 130*l.*; and has a capital in hand of 2017*l.* 10*s.* We learn, from some statistics with which we have been furnished, that not more than six per cent. of the artists of the United Kingdom are assured for a support during illness; and scarcely a larger proportion have availed themselves of a life assurance. We have, in former times, urged this duty upon our professional readers; with the various societies in existence, there is no excuse for the neglecting what should be the business of every one who lives by his own individual labours—to procure for himself and for his family *independent* help in the hour of need.

PAPIER MACHE EASEL.—Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge have submitted to our inspection a most elegant easel they have recently manufactured. The exterior frame-work is composed entirely of papier-mâché, inlaid with gold and pearl. The upper part is designed in a sort of scroll-pattern, and is similarly, but more richly, ornamented. The centre-piece which supports the tray, or rest for the picture, is made of mahogany highly polished; and the tray may be elevated or depressed, by merely pressing the thumb against a spring; a novel, ingenious, and easy method of causing it to act, originating with the manufacturer. We presume this easel must only be intended for a library or drawing-room, as it is far too elegant an object for an artist's studio. In the press of matter last month we omitted to notice the very beautiful dressing-case Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge recently manufactured for the Queen of Spain; one of the most costly and sumptuous articles which has been issued from their establishment.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE VALLEY AND CITY OF KASHMIR.—Mr. Burford's pencil seems ever in his hand, and his success keeps pace with his industry. This, the latest of the exhibitions he has opened, is undoubtedly one of the very best, as a picture, he has put forth; it is a work that shows his ability in dealing with a subject supplying but scanty material for powerful effect, though much to elicit the artist's skill. The view of this far-famed valley is taken from a mountain of considerable elevation, called the "Throne of Solomon," for the Mahomedans believe that here stood the garden of Eden. From this eminence the eye ranges over the city and surrounding country for many miles distant; embracing villages, plains of the richest verdure, the winding streams of the Julum, the great lake, Wular, till the sight is intercepted by the vast ranges of mountains which close in the scene. The *coup-d'œil* is magnificent, and Mr. Burford has treated his subject in a masterly manner, relieving the continuous flatness of the ground by his admirable disposition of light and shade. In one part of the picture a considerable group of figures has been introduced by Mr. Selous, consisting of distinguished natives and Europeans. The sketches for this panorama were taken by Mr. G. T. Vigne, as far back as 1835.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A few months back we noticed the retirement, on account of continued ill-health, of Williamson, the head porter of the Royal Academy, whose courtesy and kindness of heart during a long period of service won for him "troops of friends," among the members and students of the Institution. Some short time after his resignation, a considerable number of the students subscribed a handsome silver teapot which they presented to the worthy ex-official "as a mark of their esteem and good-wishes, and to prove they had not forgotten the kindness and esteem he showed them during so long a number of years." The testimonial is alike honourable to the donors and the recipient.

COPIES OF THE OLD MASTERS.—Monsieur Colin, one of the celebrities of Pictorial Art in Paris, like many others of the distinguished artists of France, has sought a temporary sojourn in London. Founding his hopes on the tranquillity from political turmoil we so happily enjoy, he has brought over with him a remarkable series of copies from the most celebrated pictures of the great masters existing in the museums of Florence, Parma, Naples, Rome, Genoa, and Paris. The advantage of such a reproduction of *chefs-d'œuvre* would be inestimable to any public

academy or institution where the Fine Arts form any branch of instruction or study. The collection, if obtained for any of the museums of our provincial cities, could not fail of producing important results in the improvement of public taste, and of beneficial influence upon young and aspiring artists. Copies of the acknowledged great works of the ancient painters, executed by a living painter of talent, are infinitely more useful and instructive than the dubious and obscure *quasi* originals too frequently appealed to by the unlearned in Art. The present opportunity is worth considering, and a visit to Monsieur Colin's collection, at No. 15, Francis Street, Bedford Square, will well repay the untravelled amateur. Among the pictures copied, are the "Vision of Ezekiel," by Raffaello, in the Pitti Palace; the "St. Jerome," of Correggio, at Parma; the "Zingaro," of Correggio, at Naples; the "Judith," of Paul Veronese, at Genoa; the "Virgin," in the Cupola at Parma, by Correggio; and the "Madonna della Scala," by the same; Titian's "Mistress," at Florence; the "Holy Family," by Raffaello, at Naples; the "Madonna and Christ with the Goldfinch," at Florence; the "Galatea" of Raffaello, at Rome; portions of the fresco in the Sistine Chapel, by Michael Angelo; and the "Portrait of Raffaello," by himself, at Florence. From the Museum of the Louvre, among others, there are the famous "Kermesse," by Rubens; the "Tournament," by Rubens; the "Landing of Mary of Medicis," by Rubens; a part of the great picture of the "Marriage Feast of Cana," by Paul Veronese. The entire collection consists of upwards of sixty specimens; the foregoing titles of a few show the care taken in the selection of works of the highest celebrity in the domain of Art. It need only be added that the accomplished artist gives the most ready access to view his works to any amateur on the presentation of his card.

ARTISTS' SKETCHES.—There is now exhibiting and for sale at Mr. Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, a collection of sketches and drawings in oil and water-colours, that will well repay the trouble of a visit. We find here the first ideas of pictures which have subsequently become popular and well known works, such as Redgrave's "Country Cousins" and "Wedding-ring"; Lawrence's "Satan summoning his Legion"; R. Wilson's "Niobe," a beautiful sketch in chalk; Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire"; studies of the figures in Webster's "Game at Whist," &c. The exhibition contains a complete epitome of the progress of our school of water-colour painting, from the days of Sandby, Wheatley, Edridge, Girtin, and Turner, down to our own period, of which there are examples of almost every name of repute; it would indeed be difficult to mention any painter of eminence in any department during the last half century and longer who does not appear in the catalogue. A list of these would fill a column of our Journal; we can therefore only point attention to this exhibition, and earnestly recommend it to the notice of all lovers of Art.

THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB-HOUSE.—The scaffolding in front of this stately edifice, in Pall Mall, is now removed, although the frieze, owing to the long-continued illness of the sculptor, is entirely unfinished. Even in its present incomplete state, the building looks remarkably rich and imposing, and adds greatly to the architectural beauty of this "street of palaces."

Pen AND INK DRAWINGS.—We are desirous of directing attention to an advertisement in our columns, offering for sale two drawings by Mr. Minasi, the extraordinary beauty and finish of which almost surpass belief, considering the method of their execution. It is difficult to distinguish them from the most elaborate engravings. The artist has shown that his powers have not declined with his advancing years.

RACING PRIZE PLATE.—Mr. Cotterill, 'on whose talents as a sculptor and modeller we have repeatedly had occasion to remark, has evinced more than his usual ability in the designs he has furnished for the great racing prizes at Ascot and Goodwood, and which we had an opportunity of inspecting at Messrs. Garrard's, the manufacturers. The subjects are from the story of "Hippolytus," a "Spanish Bull Fight," and a "Bison Hunt."

REVIEWS.

ROME. A Tour of Many Days. By SIR GEORGE HEAD. Published by LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN AND LONGMANS, London.

No voyager can resist the eloquence of the ruins of Rome; from the days of Gibbon to those of Niebuhr, and our own time, the inspiration of every temporary sojourner has in some shape found expression either for the benefit of friends or that of the public. If the diary of the traveller be unpreserved, it is suggested at Rome; it may never undergo transposition from manuscript into letterpress, but it is nevertheless written, and serves the writer as a compendium of memorabilia. It is, in truth, a daring enterprise to write of Rome and its monuments, and few people understand the difficulties of the task which they impose upon themselves who desire to write anything readable on the subject. In darker times Rome was the wonder of the barbarian, and in our own day it is yet the admiration of the civilised man. Whole libraries have been written on its epochs, and in presumed elucidation of its august reliques, but who can verify any of the thousand speculations that are put forth in identification of its less famous sites and personal associations? and yet our desire for plausible speculation is insatiable in respect of all beyond the pale of indisputable history. In Rome the appetite of the arch-amateur is by no means gratified by the stories so often said and sung of the great painters and their great patrons; he feels with the scholar that every square yard of the civic ground of Rome has its sealed history ranging through thousands of years; everything whereon he meditates, reminds him that

"Imperious Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

We may go to Rome with our Horace in our heads and our Titus Livius in our hands; but that is not enough—we should be grateful to these gentlemen had they been a little more particular in their descriptions. Horace, for instance, in his trip from Rome to Brundusium, is sufficiently circumstantial in some things, but not in matters that essentially assist historical topography. There is nothing, we say, that can be written about Rome, merely "for the amusement" of the writer, that will at all amuse an inquiring reader; anything at all interesting upon the subject is a result of laborious inquiry. The work under notice is not one of the class of idle diaries with which the press continually teems, nor has it been wrought out into three volumes from brief and casual notes. Speaking of the time he spent in Rome, the author says, "The period therefore that I actually resided in Rome altogether, according to the above statement, will be found to be exactly five hundred and forty-five days, or eighteen entire months, as near as may be, though it will be necessary to observe with reference to the first period of four months, in the winter of 1838, that so far from having at that time any intention of writing a book about Rome, I even discontinued to write a journal which I had previously kept regularly ever since my departure from England. For Rome, and all that it contained, which, until a few months before, I had never expected to see, being now before my eyes in reality, the objects to be visited so infinitely exceeded in multitude and variety all that I had anticipated, that even had I been inclined to convert an agreeable occupation to slavery, and register the morning's proceedings, the remainder of each day would have been inadequate. Accordingly, discarding all manner of design or system in my operations, taken by surprise by the objects that came in my way, and allowing my senses to riot at ease, as it were, amongst the *embarras des richesses* that surrounded me, I fell into the habit of walking or driving about alone from church to church, and from one monument of antiquity to another, and so regularly employed three or four hours every morning." Here, then, is a confession of the irresistible eloquence of Rome and its monuments; the author thought not of writing a book until inspired by the associations of Rome; he was even ignorant of Italian, a deficiency which he supplied by reading a hundred and thirty-six Italian plays. This work extends to three closely printed volumes of some five hundred pages each, and its entire substance is dictated by the desire of conveying information without the encumbrance of digressive matter of any kind. Without some system it were vain to attempt to give any account of such cities as Rome; we find, therefore, the comprehensive sections headed, the Approach by the Porta del Popolo; the Corso, or Via Flaminia; the Pincio; the Quirinal; the Viminale; the Eastern Portion of the Campus Martius; the Western Portion of the Campus Martius; the Capitoline;

the Palatine; the Forum; the Velabrum, and Circus Maximus; the Coelium; the Esquiline; the Aventine; the portion outside the walls from the Porta Salaria to the Porta Ostiensis, now S. Paolo; the Janiculum; the Vatican or Leonine City; the Vatican comprehending the palace exclusively; the portion outside the walls beyond the Porta Janiculensis, now Pancrazio. And withal, notwithstanding this array of eruditus allusion, the book is admirably calculated as a guide-book, containing every information that a traveller can desire; the festival is spread before him, *ad ovo usque ad matrum*, and much there is in a book so diligently written to instruct the lover of Art and the general reader. To each church is appropriated a separate description, and, in examining these we are struck with accounts of numerous Art-treasures which must be known to but few persons. We have remarked on the impossibility of assigning a name to much that arrests the attention in Rome. In speaking of some stupendous fragments existing in the Colonna Gardens, which some authorities suppose to be the remains of the Temple of the Sun, others those of a Temple of Health, and others the ruins of the Cenaculum of Heliogabalus.—Sir George Head says, "Whatever ancient building this formerly belonged to it was, evidently, one of the most stupendous size; and as the fragments in question have never, to all appearance, been removed from the spot where they fell, the more strange and the more convincing proof of the extreme finiteness of antiquarian knowledge is, the fact, not only that any doubt at all should be entertained now-a-days of the identity of such a temple, but of a temple built so late as the end of the third century and dedicated with extraordinary pomp and ceremony." And not only does the book treat of the earliest but it also speaks of the latest wonders and curiosities of the place which still sustain the truth of the words of the poet—

"Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima ROMA."

ANTIQUEAN GLEANINGS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND. Drawn and Etched by W. B. SCOTT. Published by BELL, London.

This work, by the Master of the Government School of Design in Newcastle, promises to be an useful addition to our engraved antiquities. The examples have been selected with good taste, and exhibit much variety. This first part contains ten quarto plates, at a very moderate price; and they exhibit Norman wall-paintings, old furniture, some beautiful antique cups, and relics of the commonwealth. We think the restoration of Bede's chair uncalled for, and are very strongly disposed to doubt the date assigned to the so-called Norman book-cover; but, with these exceptions, we would accord the work the full praise due to its merits; and hope to see it successfully continued.

THE RAILWAY COMPANION FROM CHESTER TO HOLYHEAD. By E. PARRY. Published by WHITAKER & CO., London; and T. CATHERALL, Chester.

The line of country described in this little work is among the most picturesque in the island; and now, as the Continent seems almost entirely closed against tourists, who must be content with the (but imperfectly known) beauties of our own land, we would recommend those who contemplate a trip to put Mr. Parry's amusing book into their pockets, and start for the locality to which it relates. Having seen and admired every thing worthy of notice,—a week or two good and pleasant occupation,—they should take the steamer and cross over to Dublin, the environs of which are also described here; further on as time and circumstances permit. Ireland will well repay the traveller in search of the loveliness of nature.

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, C.E. Painted by J. LUCAS. Engraved by T. L. ATKINSON. Published by GRAVES & CO., London.

A highly successful portrait of a great man, who, as a civil engineer, stand on as lofty a pedestal as Michel Angelo, Raffaello, Wren, Newton, or any other name distinguished in connection with Art or Science. He is represented here, standing on Chat Moss, a spot which especially marks the triumph of his genius in surmounting obstacles that seem to have been placed by nature, to prevent the invasion of his domain, for scientific or useful purposes, by the foot of man. The engraving is one of the best of the kind we have seen; the head and face are strongly indicative of the mental powers of the lamented original, and the attitude of the figure is easy and unconstrained: it is altogether a fine manly work.